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The Retreat from Eisenhower

FEW reputations have wilted so rapidly as that of General Eisenhower. The pitiless glare of the presidential campaign has revealed him as a weak and muddled amateur, who has become the prisoner of the Old Guard he had apparently defeated at Chicago. In Europe, the taste of that "liberal" triumph soon turned sour, as it became plain that Eisenhower's "crusade" would have John Foster Dulles as its chief of staff, and that Eisenhower himself was jettisoning Mr. Truman's "European" policies in favour of a contradictory mixture of Taftism and the reckless doctrine of "liberation." It has taken longer for many Americans to discover the man inside the uniform. For one thing, the General was a real popular idol, a man whose career was known and admired, and who could be recognised by every American. For another, he was a new kind of Republican candidate, free of commitments to the diehards who have dragged the party down to defeat five times in succession. One week before polling day, the General has dissipated most of his assets.

No one now thinks of Eisenhower as any kind of liberal. He has accepted the terms on which Senator Taft and his friends agreed to campaign for him. He has embraced and endorsed Senators Jenner, McCarthy, Cain, Bricker and Watkins, all of whom fought his nomination to the bitter end. He has won the support of such Dixiecrat leaders as Governor Byrnes and Senator Byrd, and of the nominally Democratic oil oligarchy of Texas, which is only concerned to "steal the tidelands oil" resources from the Federal Government. He has abandoned the attempt to be a "moderate" anti-Communist, and is seeking, in Mr. Truman's words, to "ride into office on the tempest of slander." He has, finally, trimmed his appeal like a demagogue, talking, as the President said this week, "like Bricker in Ohio, like McCarthy in Wisconsin, and like Dewey in New York."

Such a transformation has had its effects. Senator Morse, the liberal Oregon Republican, has announced that he will vote for Governor Stevenson. Though Governor Warren of California has been more reticent, it is an open secret that part of the Warren machine intends to "bolt" the Republican ticket. And all across the country, there has been a mass retreat from Eisenhower on the part of independent voters and Republican liberals, who are unable to stomach the General's fellow-travellers. This year, Eisenhower was supposed to wean away the Negro vote. But how many Negroes will support the man who is the darling of the Dixiecrats? How many industrial workers will desert the Fair Deal for the candidate of the corporations and the economic royalists? Will the farmers take the risk of swinging to a military man who gives them double-talk about price supports, and whose victory would sweep in an economy-minded Republican Congress? Six months ago, Eisenhower could be presented as the symbol of a change for the better. Now he has become the most reactionary candidate that the Republicans have run since Herbert Hoover.

The record of the campaign has convinced many former enthusiasts that Eisenhower's election would be a misfortune, both for the American people and for America's friends abroad. It has also shown that Governor Stevenson has the makings of a great President. But to state this contrast is not to predict that a Democratic victory is certain. It is true that Governor Stevenson's campaign has struck fire in the last three weeks, and that he has been greatly helped by Mr. Truman's downright attacks on the General's "betrayal." But once Eisenhower foreswore any vestige of liberalism, he and his campaign managers set to work to exploit fear, confusion and hysteria. This technique has become especially pronounced since it served Senator McCarthy so well in the Wisconsin primary. It is now being further developed in Senator Nixon's attempt to link Mr. Stevenson with Alger Hiss.

The Democrats are aware of this danger, and both Stevenson and the President have at last begun to fight back openly against McCarthyism, the "lobbies," the chauvinists and corporations. With campaign funds that are tiny in comparison to the millions which are being spent on behalf of Eisenhower, they have turned this into a genuine election. It will be no polite parade of bipartisanism, but a clear choice between a reactionary coalition and liberalism.

Kenya Emergency

The situation in Kenya has become so heavily overlaid with tendentious press comment that, in spite of the Colonial Secretary's statement to Parliament on Tuesday, it is difficult to know whether the general charges against Mau Mau can be sustained or whether the secret society is mainly a scapegoat for political failure. Certainly there has been an increase in offences against both persons and property in the Colony, but, until a month ago, this was not strikingly different from the trend in other parts of East Africa and could be adequately accounted for by discontents over the distribution of land and the influx of work-seeking peasants into the towns. During the last month there have been reported the murder of a "loyal" Chief, and a number of striking instances of attacks on Europeans; but whether these reports indicate a significant increase in planned lawlessness, or only more sensational press coverage of the existing state of affairs, is by no means clear. It need not be doubted that a tribal secret society called Mau Mau exists; but there is only the sketchiest evidence that it has suddenly developed into a widespread and centrally directed terrorist organisation. What is certain is that the behaviour of both the British and the Colonial Governments is calculated to increase its influence in the shortest possible time. Undoubtedly there are grave economic and political grievances among the African population, which underlie the disturbances and which, before the threat of violence, had been largely ignored by the settlers. Repressive military sanctions and wholesale arrests of popular leaders will only aggravate the discontents by equating them with African nationalism —and drive them underground.

M. Pinay's Two Horses

The extraordinary behaviour of M. Pinay during the last few weeks is only intelligible once we appreciate the extent of the chasm which now divides M. Schuman and the Quai D'Orsay from French public opinion. Under American pressure, M. Schuman has been driven to accept German rearmament within the framework of E.D.C. as the price of dollar aid. The National Assembly hedged its acceptance of the principle of E.D.C. with a multitude of safeguards plainly unacceptable to the Germans. Unfortunately, the treaty signed by M. Schuman which now awaits ratification does not include these safeguards. As our Paris correspondent describes, anti-American feeling on this score was heightened by doubt of America's reliability on the North African issue: by dissatisfaction at the limited American assistance in Indo-China, and finally by the discovery that the French national budget now depends on the whims of Congress in its annual allotment of military assistance. M. Pinay suddenly realised when the Assembly resumed its session that, if his Government was to survive, these passionate resentments must be appeased. Hence his decision to stage an incident by refusing to accept the American Note. In reality, of course, this "Note" was an aide memoire which Mr. Bruce had most unwisely given to M. Pinay for his convenience. This demonstration of resistance having proved highly popular with the deputies M. Pinay next encouraged M. Herriot and M. Daladier to attack the E.D.C. at the Radical Party Congress and then went on himself to criticise the treaty very sharply in a press interview, which he next day denied. M. Schuman and his colleagues of the M.R.P. are naturally indignant at this kind of behaviour. But so long as M. Pinay seeks simultaneously to appease both the Americans and the French people he cannot avoid such contortions

South Africa and U.N.

Once the U.S. decided to back the proposal, it was quickly decided that the situation in South Africa, which we discuss at length on another page, should be placed on the agenda of the U.N. Assembly. We welcome the decision, and we regret that once again the British Government opposed it. Mr. Eden's motives were no doubt twofold. The first—a simple sense of loyalty to a fellow member of the Commonwealth—was clearly misguided. Loyalty to the Commonwealth should surely transcend any sense of solidarity with South Africa, so long as *Apartheid* remains its policy. Mr. Eden's second reason for opposition is more persuasive. Many nations, whose own internal conditions are deplorable, have been using U.N. as a platform for agitation against the colonial Powers. It is outrageous that the Central American republics, for instance, whose peons live in virtual slavery should be permitted to "expose" conditions in Tanganyika. As a colonial Power, Britain is bound to try to curb this kind of agitation, by insisting that under normal circumstances the United Nations is not entitled to consider the "internal affairs" of a member. But granted this danger, it is surely vital that we should judge each case on its merits. If the internal affairs of any nation endanger world peace, that nation is South Africa. We believe that on this occasion Mr. Eden should have followed the American lead. He could then have pointed out the hypocrisy of America's attitude in putting South Africa in the dock while conniving at the French efforts to prevent the Assembly from sitting in judgment on the situation in Tunis and Morocco.

Engineering Exports Fall

The figures of trade for the third quarter show a further narrowing of the visible gap, due mainly to the continuing fall in import prices. But the prices of British exports are now also falling, and despite this there has been a decline in the volume of exports extending to engineering and other capital goods as well as to textiles. This is ominous, for the decline seems likely to continue. It is of course, the correlative of the recent fall in total production, though this has been partly the consequence of the Government's disinflationary measures and of the decline in purchasing power in face of higher prices and short-time working. As the Board of Trade has pointed out, the decline of exports has not yet been reflected in the figures showing the balance of payments, though these have already shown the benefits due to lower import prices—which bodes ill for the balance of payments during the second half of the year. The plain truth is that the producers of capital as well as of consumer goods are now facing a sellers' market over most of the world, and are likely to remain in this situation for some time unless new openings can be found. This gives point to the attempt, arising out of the Moscow Economic Conference, to open up an exchange trade with China; but it remains to be seen whether this will be wrecked by the forbidding on "strategic" grounds of the exports the Chinese chiefly want. The body which is handling this question for the exporters is at present arguing with the Government about what may be sent.

The Harrow Disaster

The Harrow railway disaster, the most appalling for 35 years, has served a useful purpose in focussing public opinion on the crucial problem of railway development and administration. The public inquiry, though not yet complete, leaves no doubt that the crash occurred because, for reasons which are still unexplained, the driver of the Perth express failed to observe three successive signals against him. For many years automatic train controls of one sort or another have been operated in the Western Region and parts of the Southern. Whatever the technical arguments between one method and another, it is clear that cost has been the limiting factor in checking the development of these automatic devices over the railway system as a whole. In these circumstances, the public demand that there should be no further delay in their general introduction is understandable and apparently, accepted by British Railways. But the public and the Government must recognise the implications. The public must realise that a railway network containing all the modern aids to efficiency and safety cannot be operated for the price of an antiquated system; and the Government must reflect that the cost to the passenger of up-to-date railways can be made tolerable only if it is policy to divert suitable traffic from our overcrowded roads on to the under-patronised railways. That is the exact reverse of the present Government's policy.

Probation as an Export

Since the idea was born, in Massachusetts in 1878, the use of probation as a successful alternative to punishment has spread throughout the English-speaking world. The system as we know it has never taken root on the Continent, though since 1945 a few countries have established parole systems with some of the Anglo-American features. Last Monday, at Church House, Westminster, a European Seminar on Probation, organised by the United Nations, began to study the reasons which prevent the adoption of anything like a universal system. There is in European countries a growing use of the "suspended sentence," which differs from what we call probation in that, instead of employing probation officers to befriend and guide respited offenders, it simply tells the culprit exactly what he will entail by being bad. In turn, this distinction involves the awkward problem of "pre-trial inquiries" —the investigation and perhaps the disclosure in court of an alleged offender's character and antecedents before he is actually found guilty. We must show how a probation service can progressively displace the social futility of imprisonment, and how it can be adapted to the legal systems of European countries.

WESTMINSTER

Mr. Attlee's Coup

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: There is almost certainly (though nobody can be found to admit it) a sharply different objective between the carefully organised propaganda campaign against the Bevanite "conspiracy", with which Mr. George Brown and others filled the anti-Socialist press during August and September, and the clean tactical coup with which Mr. Attlee and the Labour Front Bench, against the lone dissent of Mr. Anthony Greenwood, have been trying this week to outlaw Bevanism. The earlier campaign was designed to smear the Bevanites before the Morecambe Conference: it was an appeal to the constituencies, and the constituencies gave their answer at Morecambe. The more respected figures in the Party leadership, and notably Mr. Attlee, refused to be personally identified with it—though it can scarcely be doubted that they were privy to its preparation.

This week Mr. Attlee has joined the battle, and even allowed it to be rumoured that he would resign if the Bevanites were not routed at Thursday's meeting of the Parliamentary Party. Both the Left and the Centre have criticised him for this decision; but he had little alternative. For, once the Conference had given its decisions and revealed the strength of the Bevanites among the rank-and-file, the remarks of Mr. Deakin, Sir William Lawther, Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Lincoln Evans and Mr. Tom Williamson assumed an importance which far transcended the crudity of their language. They represented the threat of a Right-wing revolt far more imminent than any obvious threat from the post-Morecambe "loyalists" of the Left. Mr. Attlee was allowed to read in the Press (and may have been told in person) that, if he would not lead the assault on the Bevanites, he might have to make way for a leader who would. This Mr. Attlee has no intention of doing if he can avoid it. Although his own views are strongly opposed to what he believes to be Bevanism, he has always correctly appreciated the importance of preserving the coalition between Labour's Left and Right Wings. He is not willing to become the instrument of a permanent split and still less to hand over the Party to anybody else who might be less far-sighted. So, with a Right-wing pistol at his head, he was forced to summon the Bevanites to repentance, in spite of the impressive vote of confidence they had received only a couple of weeks earlier from the "mob" at Morecambe.

A different explanation has to be sought for the behaviour of those who held the pistol. Nothing has happened since the last sittings of Parliament to justify any action against the Bevanites which was not taken then; nothing except Morecambe. And Morecambe is the only conceivable explanation. For, apart from the elections to the Executive, the sense of the two main resolutions carried by the Conference was strongly, though not fully, Bevanite. The smear campaign had failed, and so had the attempt to persuade the Party that the foundations of Socialism could best be laid by a policy of consolidation at home and military containment abroad. The only chance of preventing the whole Labour Party being pitched headlong by the Morecambe resolutions into Bevanism, was to organise a secret trial of the Bevanites in the hope of being able to secure the *réclame* of a conviction without being compelled to publish the evidence; to appeal in a word to the Parliamentary Party against the Conference.

The tactical value of this move is very questionable. The orthodox leadership of the Party (including Mr. Attlee) still fails to recognise that the Bevanite case has set the constituencies alight, and that, even if Mr. Bevan is politically assassinated, the rank-and-file will continue to insist that his general line informs the Party policy. It is the realisation of this which accounts for the impressive support which Mr. Strachey and Mr. Strauss received this week for their attempts at bridge-building. But the only certain thing about Thursday's show-down is that from its very nature it could settle nothing.

PARIS

The French Revolt

Our Paris Correspondent writes: At the Radical Congress Herriot spoke for public opinion. I have seen in the last few days people of almost every political shade, and they all expressed satisfaction —though not always for the same reasons—with this "French awakening." There were those on the Right who, echoing de Gaulle's own grudging satisfaction with M. Pinay, said that France was now "going Gaullist without de Gaulle." People of the "classical Right" were satisfied because for the first time in many years, they said, France had the feeling of "being governed" at last. Supporters of the Centre parties were more reserved in their enthusiasm, but blamed "American *gaffes*" for the turn things were taking: the interference in North Africa, and the famous American Note treating France as a "satellite", which had played straight into the hands of M. Pinay in search of an easy "demagogic" success. On the Left, opinion was more divided. The critics of the Atlantic system, including the so-called "neutralists," are delighted; but there are Left-wing groups, represented by *France-Tireur*, who dread a bust-up with America.

The revolt is closely associated in most people's minds with the name of M. Pinay. Herriot, in declaring the European Army "in its present form" to be unconstitutional, stressed that he had previously submitted the text of his speech to M. Pinay, who "had not dissuaded him" from delivering it. On Sunday night the French radio broadcast a statement by Pinay saying that he fully agreed with Herriot, and that, while not against the European Army in principle, he was against any Germans being on this Army's general staff. Although this story was later denied, it was thought by most people that the statement had been withdrawn only to avoid internal Cabinet complications, but that it represented, for all that, M. Pinay's real sentiment in the matter. Indeed, a *rapprochement* between Pinay's latent *La-France-aux-Français* anti-Communist conservatism and the French-Sovereignty-First and the equally vigorous anti-Communism of the Gaullists was to be expected sooner or later.

Apart from this, the feeling loudly voiced in several debates in the National Assembly last winter that France "couldn't go on like this indefinitely" has become strong again, in the face of new financial difficulties in the offing—difficulties which were only artificially and temporarily postponed by the "*Confiance Pinay*" drive. For, fundamentally, nothing has been resolved: the war in Vietnam continues to swallow up hundreds of milliards every year; in Europe, the U.S. determination to build up Germany as a great military Power, and relegate France to the position of a second-class partner is a fact which no amount of Schuman window-dressing could conceal.

There is no desire to "break" with U.S., still less to refuse American aid; but the revolt is certainly a demonstration in favour of greater French independence. European planning, if any, is to take more account of France's distrust of Germany and her distrust of American policy in Germany; if the war in Vietnam is not to be "shared," France will, before long, have to do something drastic about it (here there is undoubtedly an element of pressure on Washington); as for North Africa, it's to be "hands off"—quite definitely, and the main difference of opinion in France is not on whether U.N. should deal with North Africa, but on whether France herself is to be liberal or tough there.

It remains to be seen whether this "revolution" in foreign policy is pursued to any kind of logical conclusion; it remains also to be seen what internal counterpart it will have. The arrest of M. Le Léap, one of the non-Communist heads of the C.G.T., and the demand by a military court (which can always be relied upon to take more notice of the Government's desires than a civil court) that the parliamentary immunity of Duclos, Marty and several other Communist deputies be raised, have made a very bad impression among Left-wing intellectuals ("at this rate any of us might be arrested," M. Domenach of *Esprit* said), and Claude Bourdet has been prophesying the possible advent of a police State in France. The least charitable theory about Pinay is that both his foreign policy "revolution" and his anti-Communist drive are little more than red-herrings for diverting people's attention for a time from the grave financial and economic difficulties lying ahead. But there's more to it than that.

ROME

A Working Majority

Our Special Correspondent in Rome writes: A further stage in the protracted process of rigging next year's general election was reached last week-end, when the Council of Ministers announced its approval of an electoral reform Bill which stipulates that, if any party or associated group of parties secures over fifty per cent. of the votes, it shall receive a bonus allotment of seats, bringing its representation up to approximately two-thirds of the seats in the Chamber. Before the terms of the Bill were disclosed, there had been much speculation whether De Gasperi would make the basic figure fifty per cent. or (as Mussolini did) a considerably lower percentage. Since most people here believe that the Left—Communists and Nenni Socialists—is likely to secure at least 40 per cent. of the total votes, and the extreme Right is generally considered to have a good chance of securing over 10 per cent., many observers thought that the Premier would hesitate before gambling on the Government list—Christian Democrats, Liberals, Republicans, and Democratic Socialists—securing a clear majority of the votes cast. That he has done so is regarded in Left-wing circles as implying that he has reached a covert understanding with the Monarchists on their future support.

If the reform Bill is passed—and its passage through the Senate may present difficulties—De Gasperi should certainly be able to secure a working majority in the next Parliament, whatever damage may be done to popular belief in democracy by an arrangement which means that, out of the 590 members, about 80 will have no claim to represent any voters. There are, however, other snags besides the Senate in the Bill's way. Under its present terms, the bonus seats are to be divided among the parties of the winning list in proportion to the share which each obtains in the total poll. This could mean that the Christian Democrats, with their bonus added and with Monarchist backing, could dispense with the support of the minor parties in the present coalition—a possibility which is particularly disturbing to Saragat and the Democratic Socialists,

Price of Conformity

THE notion that Thursday's meeting in the House of Commons can in some way decide the controversy now raging in the Labour Party, is totally erroneous. This would only be so if Bevanism were really the result of the frustrated ambition of a few individuals. It is, on the contrary, the expression of a deep fissure between the official Party machine and the mass of everyday Socialists. The peculiar distinction of British Labour has been that, unlike Social Democratic parties on the Continent, it has avoided a split between these two essential elements; common sense has prevented the machine from calling the rank-and-file "a mob," and the mob, even when dissatisfied, has retained an adequate degree of confidence in its leaders. As long, for instance, as Ernest Bevin and Stafford Cripps were on the platform, the rank-and-file, Left and Right, felt itself fairly represented. No resolution at a Party meeting can settle this issue; the struggle will go on until trust is again restored between the rank-and-file and the leadership.

For the future of the Labour Party, therefore, the wording of Thursday's resolution banning unofficial groups is not of decisive importance. Its real significance is far wider. What surprises us is that so few people, including Liberals who have been urgent champions of British liberties, do not recognise that it involves a threat to our parliamentary institutions.

Mr. Attlee's demand for the disbandment of all unofficial groups follows only six months after the imposition on the Parliamentary Party of standing orders which empower the "shadow Cabinet," provided that it can obtain a majority vote, to discipline a Labour Member for anything which "he says or does in the House." The addition of the new ban now proposed would make the tyranny of the machine absolute, since a Labour member who disagrees with the official line would be forbidden to concert action with those who are like-minded in order to change it. The disbanding of all unofficial groups is in fact an attempt to tell men and women Members of Parliament, presumably adults, not to meet and discuss, except under special auspices, the issues about which they are elected to legislate.

Surely it is a strange thing that such a resolution should be put forward without evoking a word of protest from those newspapers who used to be regarded as the champion of political liberty. In past days the *News Chronicle*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and occasionally *The Times*, have prided themselves on the stand they took against the ever increasing power of the party machine. In protest against this "new despotism" they have defended the rights of the individual M.P. and of minority Parliamentary groups seeking to challenge the official party line. Yet when the Parliamentary Labour Party is urged by Mr. Attlee first to put on the straitjacket of standing orders and then to "disband" the Bevanites, no word of protest is raised by the Liberal press. On the contrary, it was the *News Chronicle* which discovered "the party within the party" and it is *The Times* which began by advising Mr. Attlee to take strong measures—even if it has this week had second thoughts. As for the *Manchester Guardian*, it is all for disciplining "the Bevanite cabal." It limited its Liberal strictures to the observation that Mr. Deakin was guilty of "unfortunate frankness" in reminding the delegates at Morecambe that since he paid the piper he was going to call the tune, whatever they decided.

We do not of course suggest that these newspapers are not entitled to make the most slashing attacks on Bevanism. What we deplore is that their fear of Mr. Bevan appears to have made them forget their most elementary principles. Imagine for one moment that it was Mr. Bevan who was leading the Labour Party and Mr. Morrison who had resigned, formed a Right-wing group to challenge the official Bevanite line, and succeeded in winning the support of the Labour Parties at the annual conference! Imagine further that, in order to crush this insurrection, Mr. Bevan tried to persuade the Parliamentary Labour Party to ban Mr. Morrison's group. What a hullabaloo there would be! What denunciations of the tyranny of the majority! What invocations of Parliamentary liberty and the sacred rights of the individual!

The incident does indeed well illustrate the fact that liberties of M.P.s, grandiloquently supported on a thousand occasions by quotations from Edmund Burke, count for little when the issue of Socialism is seriously raised. Parliamentary representatives must, we have so often been told, be free men, refusing to surrender their right of private judgment to the party caucus, either in their constituencies or in Westminster. This right exists, it appears, only for those who do not wish to exercise it.

South African Tragedy

THE campaign of civil disobedience by the South African non-Europeans has now been in progress for nearly four months and during that time between 4,000 and 5,000 volunteers have gone to gaol for their beliefs. Yet although there have been mass demonstrations, police raids and charges, and sentences of flogging, no African, Indian or Coloured taking part in the campaign has as yet raised a hand in self-defence or in anger. This, in itself, is remarkable; for the Africans, who form the vast majority of the volunteers, have no religious or spiritual tradition of pacifism. This example of disciplined non-violence in the Union is even more remarkable when it is realised that it has been accompanied by a steadily increasing recruitment to the ranks of the volunteers. For just as pacifism is alien to the African tradition, so have organisation and planning been largely absent from the African struggle. Even most sympathetic observers of African movements never expected this campaign to last more than a couple of months.

The strength and persistence of these mass acts of defiance are partly due to the increasingly favourable social environment. The rapid growth of the urban African communities has made the task of organisation much simpler than when the majority of Africans were spread across the wide spaces of the Reserves. For instance, between 1936 and 1951 the total population of non-Europeans in the four largest cities rose from 648,783 to 1,307,095, more than doubling over fifteen years, whilst the average population increase of the country was only 2 per cent. per annum. This change in the social environment of the non-European as he swarms into the towns at one and the same time brings him into ever greater personal contact with his White masters, aggravates his sense of injustice with his inferior conditions, and makes it simpler for him to organise his attack upon the social structure of the country.

The tremendous task of organising and leading this campaign has been undertaken by the African and Indian National Congresses. In order to make possible participation in such a movement considerable changes in policy have been achieved by both bodies. The Indians had the inspiration of their fellow countrymen under Gandhi. Yet they had to overcome considerable opposition from the older guard of their leadership, who still retain an attitude of superiority towards the Africans and believe in at least partial co-operation with the moderate Whites. Yet once the leadership of Dr. Dadoo in the Transvaal and Dr. Naicker in Natal had been established, the Indian National Congress, with its stronger financial resources and more experienced political leadership, became the main inspiration of the movement towards joint inter-racial action.

The shift in policy and attitude of the African Congress was even more radical. Suspicion and fear of both Indians and Coloureds are natural emotions arising from the historical experiences of the Africans. Perhaps the most significant effect of the action of Dr. Malan's Government and of the later stages of that of General Smuts has been to provide the evidence with which the African leaders could convince their followers that only non-European unity held any hope of resisting the absolute domination of the White man. Moreover, there was the further vital task of impressing upon the Africans the necessity of curbing their combative instincts and strictly disciplining themselves to the desperately difficult self-control essential to passive resistance. For the leaders of the movement realised that if this campaign were to degenerate into a series of violent brawls the monopoly of force at the disposal of the Whites would crush the whole campaign and set back non-European organised resistance for a decade.

Much of the responsibility for the achievement of these difficult objects lies with Dr. J. S. Moroka, a conservative medical doctor from Thaba 'Nchu in the Orange Free State, who is President-General of the African National Congress. At the end of 1949, Dr. Moroka replaced Dr. Xuma, largely on the grounds of his greater militancy. The tradition of the Congress had been to pass resolutions, to send deputations, and to have personal consultations with the Government and local authorities. Dr. Moroka and his supporters saw that these tactics, which had failed before the defeat of the Smuts' Government, were completely useless in combating Malan and the Nationalists. At the same time they equally recognised that, with little

money, no weapons, and a very sketchy organisation, only passive campaigns could produce results. They therefore immediately set out to teach an ever-increasing number of their community the power which they held in the social and economic structure of their country. On June 26, 1950, they organised the first national political strike which taught many thousands of Non-Europeans that without their labour the much-vaunted White civilisation would collapse. This was followed by a similar attempt last year, preparing the way and the minds of the people for the determined campaign of passive resistance which began on June 26 this year. It has become remarkably clear over the last four months that the leaders of the movement have not only struck the right imaginative chord amongst their people, but have achieved a feat of organisation of which few believed them capable.

So for the first time a White South African Government is faced by a national non-White opposition determined to render administration of the country impossible until their claim to equal rights is recognised. At first the Government treated the threat lightly and tried to ridicule it with light sentences. As it has developed, however, both the Government and the White opposition have become increasingly worried at this threat to the position of the White community. The White opposition, indeed, consisting of the United Party, the Torch Commando and the Labour Party, offer very little alternative to the Government. They have completely condemned the non-European campaign, for they, equally with the Nationalists, stand for White supremacy, and their only alternative to the policy of the Government is to suggest that the racial problem should be removed from the political arena. One might as relevantly suggest taking the egg out of an omelette.

It is becoming crystal clear that a long period of acute tension marked by repeated clashes is now the inevitable fate of South Africa. What is of even greater importance is that the effects of this situation cannot be confined to South Africa alone. Already the South African situation has caused an increasing restiveness, suspicion and intransigeance in other parts of the continent. India and other Asian nations are to raise the issue once more before the United Nations. Above all, Africans throughout the continent are beginning to believe what the White South Africans have impressed upon them for many years—that White South Africa is a bastion of Western civilisation. If that were so, and it is so until it is consistently and authoritatively denied, then Western civilisation is identified with racial discrimination and the concept of White supremacy. Once that idea is accepted the political division of the world between Communist and non-Communist ideologies could become also a racial division with all non-Whites supporting the Communists.

JOHN HATCH

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Mid-Autumn Books

How Japan Voted

JAPAN'S recent election revealed that nationalism is growing among the public, finding its expressions in anti-rearmament, anti-American platforms. This is well illustrated by the large Socialist gains. For, though the Socialists are split into Right- and Left-wing groups, both are strongly against rearmament and critical of the military nature of American policies towards Japan and Asia generally. Nevertheless, the two groups together won 111 seats in the new Diet, whereas in the old one they had only 46. They attracted 7.4 million votes, or 21 per cent., while at the last general election in 1949 they received 4.1 million votes or 13.5 per cent. Moreover, the votes cast for the victorious Liberals and the other Right-wing parties do not necessarily represent support for rearmament and pro-American sentiment. Knowing the public sentiment, very few Right-wing candidates openly advocated rearmament during the campaign and many of them made anti-American speeches to attract those voters who, while largely admitting the need of rearmament for Japan's own defence, are opposed to American control over it.

Another indication of nationalistic feeling is the return to the new Diet of 136 members who had been "purged" under the occupation. The public has been disappointed with post-war politicians, many of whom are held to have been too submissive to the Americans, and also morally corrupt. There is a hope that these "ex-purgees," as they are colloquially called, will help to bring about genuine independence and clean politics. Colonel Masanobu Tsuji, for example, was elected at the top of the poll in Ishikawa, a Northern prefecture of Tokio. He was a staff officer under Gen. Hobun Yamashita during the Japanese conquest of Malaya and Singapore. He is believed to have been the actual commander of the Malayan campaign. In the last couple of years, Tsuji has written a good many books, one a best-seller. In all of his books, Tsuji advocated anti-American and anti-Soviet neutrality for Japan. He is opposed to the present rearmament programme of the Yoshida government and the American authorities. Instead, he advocates a militia designed purely for Japan's own defence. In essence, his platform contains most of what the present-day Japanese public wants.

On the surface, the election was a victory for Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida's pro-American government. But Yoshida's position has been weakened considerably by his loss of dominant party leadership. The Liberals won 240 of 466 seats in the Lower House, but have split among themselves into three major groups. The first group is the Yoshida faction. Its purpose is to continue in government under Yoshida's leadership. The second is the Hatoyama faction, headed by Ichiro Hatoyama who was the president of the Liberal Party, until he was purged by the American occupation authorities in April, 1946, for his past pro-Fascist inclinations. He then surrendered the party presidency to Yoshida. Since the ban on him was lifted in August, 1951, he and his followers have been working hard to recover his lost leadership. Even a cerebral haemorrhage shortly after his return did not stop their ambition; and the recent elections provided them with a good opportunity. Hatoyama himself was elected for a Tokio constituency with a huge majority; and about a third of the newly elected Liberals are believed to belong to his faction, with another third following Yoshida.

In addition to a personal struggle for power, the basic policies of the two groups are as widely apart as those of different parties. While Yoshida is advocating a "gradual increase of self-defence power" (not rearmament, because the Constitution prohibits rearmament), Hatoyama's group calls for open rearmament through immediate amendment of the Constitution. On economic policy, Yoshida remains loyal to the tight-money policy originated during the American occupation by Mr. Joseph Dodge, President Truman's special adviser on Japan's economic problems; whereas Hatoyama's group advocate a more inflationary policy to "bring prosperity." At the time of writing, neither side shows any sign of compromise; and neither has decisive strength. So a casting vote is in the hands of the remaining third, the "neutrals," who sit on the fence to "maintain party unity." "Party unity" may not be their only consideration; and the Yoshida and Hatoyama groups are trying to "buy up" as many fence-sitters as possible.

No matter who wins, however, there can be no solid Liberal leadership. The Party has become too bitterly factional during the election campaign to be reconciled in the foreseeable future. To make it worse, Yoshida—or his henchmen—expelled from the Party two of Hatoyama's principal lieutenants only three days before the election. This naturally stiffened the hostility of Hatoyama's group; and it is fairly certain that neither Yoshida nor Hatoyama can create a stable government. If either group walks out or gets expelled from the Party, no party or group will have a clear majority in the new Diet. This may mean that Japan is facing a period of political instability basically similar to the situation in France. Business circles here are deeply concerned about this possibility and are calling on the Liberals not to split the Party openly. They are even threatening to demand, in the event of a split, the "return of campaign funds" they contributed for the election. This pressure and the realisation by the Party leaders that neither side will benefit from an open split preserve some sort of nominal "unity."

More important however than the outcome of the internal squabble of the majority party is the prospect of instability for the nation at the time when strong leadership is necessary to face Japan's many difficult problems—her future economy, for instance, the proper exercise of her regained sovereignty and rearmament.

"Smashing defeat of the Communists" at the recent election is widely reported with apparent optimism in the Western world. It is true that all 22 Communist seats in the old Diet were lost. The public apparently disapproved of the violence which, until this summer, the Communists were instigating. But in terms of votes the Communists were by no means "completely smashed." They polled 892,000 votes compared with the 3 million they received in 1949; and, in view of widespread anti-Communism, these can safely be taken as the hard-core of Communist sympathisers. Moreover, the largest part of the gain by the Left-wing Socialists was from the Communists. These votes might swing back again in favourable conditions.

Many observers here predict an early dissolution of the new Diet as a result of the current instability and dissensions. If, indeed, the politicians remain as selfish and corrupt as many are now, Parliamentary government itself will be endangered by a loss of confidence on the part of the public, which wants strong, honest leadership for an independent Japan. That situation would provide a perfect stage for the revival of dictatorship. Nor is corruption of Japanese politics an academic question. For example, the

Government claimed that the recent elections were to be "honest and clean elections." Yet already over 10,000 people have been arrested by the police, mostly on charges of bribery. In this assembly too—as in the Diet—the Liberals won a majority; and, to lead this majority, Foreign Minister Katsuo Okazaki's campaign manager was arrested for bribing 1,000 voters.

Tokio, October. GEORGE YAMAMOTO

London Diary

AFTER the visit of the Sudanese delegates here, and Mr. Eden's approval of the draft statute providing for internal self-government in the Sudan, my impression is that there is rather a better chance of solving the Sudan dispute. Mr. Sayed Omar, a leader of the Sudan Party which wants a Sudanese republic within the British Commonwealth, had just seen the Egyptian Ambassador when he gave a press conference last Monday; he said that a decree declaring Farouk (or his son) "King of Egypt and the Sudan," was now considered "a thing of the past" by Neguib. The Ambassador denied having said this, but did not deny that the Egyptians are now prepared to "let the Sudanese decide their own future," and General Neguib, who is having a series of interviews with both pro- and anti-Egyptian Sudanese politicians, has himself declared for full self-government in the Sudan "in preparation for self-determination." If the Egyptians really take this line, then one important obstacle to agreement is removed. There are, of course, divisions among the Sudanese themselves; the orthodox Moslems tend to want unity with Egypt, while the Schismatic sect, led by the Mahdi, demand independence. Britain has so far backed the Mahdists, with the support of all parties in Britain. No one here was prepared to hand over the Sudan to Farouk. With Neguib there may be a fresh start.

* * *

The best account I know of Jomo Kenyatta, whom the Kenya Government has thought it wise to arrest, appears in *Last Chance in Africa*, by that admirable writer, Negley Farson. This book was published in 1949 after Farson's return from about a year in Kenya. He says that "there is not a man in the whole Kenya African Union that is one-half the man that Jomo is." Kenyatta was seventeen years in Europe, where he studied anthropology at the London School of Economics, and wrote a book called *Facing Mount Kenya*, with a preface by the great anthropologist, Malinowski. He also lived in Berlin and Paris and visited Moscow. Since his return he has been maintained in some comfort by the Africans and, most important, fought their battles against the more reactionary settlers who are often demanding forced labour. That violence would result from the traditional settler attitude in Kenya unless they took "their last chance" of reform was clearly enough prophesied by honest and far-sighted British officials like Norman Leys and Macgregor Ross. Negley Farson found some dangerous symptoms in the hooliganism of a group of young Africans called "The Forty." These, for all I know, may be the nucleus of the Mau Mau. These men, he says, were not at all "Communist"; they were the "activist Left-wing" of the Kenya African Union, whose object is to look after native rights. He thought that Kenyatta was a good deal troubled by these wild men and was not sure how far they were pushing him or he was using them. But Farson had no doubts that it was the completely selfish and unimaginative settler policy towards the Africans that was creating trouble among the peaceful Kikuyu.

* * *

Those who assume that the responsibility for world tension is wholly the Soviet's fault, should really consider some of the things said from this side of the Iron Curtain. Here is an extract from a report of a recent speech delivered by Colonel Robert Scott, Commanding Officer of the American air base at Fürstenfeldbruck. His remarks were made to a press conference called primarily to let the representatives of the German press have a look at the new installation. After remarking that "no nation wins a war" and that the object of N.A.T.O. is to prevent another war, he said that the Germans had more foresight than America in 1945 in understanding that the real threat to civilisation was from the Soviet Union. Later he added:

> The preliminary treaty between America and Germany has been signed. I earnestly hope that your fatherland will soon stand as a full-fledged member of the N.A.T.O. Defence Forces. . . . I impatiently wait with you for the day when we will stand shoulder to shoulder as friends and brothers to resist the threat of Communism. I hope and pray that the moment will soon come when either I or some other American commander will turn this fine Air Base over to some German Wing Commander with the beginning of Germany's new Luftwaffe.

Such remarks by distinguished military persons are seldom quoted in this country, where the rebuilding of the Luftwaffe is not an immediately agreeable idea. But what would the British and American press have said if a Soviet General had made a similiar remark in Eastern Germany?

* * *

How stupid the L.C.C. makes itself look in banning the new Fernandel film, *L'Auberge Rouge*, from the Curzon Cinema. The grounds given are that "the film as a whole would be offensive to those of the Roman Catholic faith in this country and that in particular certain scenes would cause grave offence." The distributors strongly deny this, claiming that the film (which is on a theme similar to *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and in which Fernandel plays a priest who brings the malefactors to justice) is Fernandel's most amusing comedy and could not be publicly offensive. *L'Auberge Rouge* has had a great success in Catholic France—surely *prima facie* evidence that, on religious grounds, London could take it. I fear that the little group of Roman Catholics on the L.C.C. Public Control Committee is using its power of suppression in a characteristically illiberal way. The best comment on this piece of censorship is from a sixteen-year-old Roman Catholic who has been at school in a French convent. She is astonished that her English friends will not be able to see such an amusing film. She, of course, has seen it. The girls of her convent were taken in a special party by the nuns.

* * *

A friend's recent experience does a little to clarify the legal position of motorists who leave their cars unlighted in "private" roads at night. He lives in a London district that still has a number of private roads—their privacy is annually proclaimed, on one symbolic day, by hired men who stretch ropes across the road and lower them only for proved residents. (Legally, by the way, private roads can include such places as Inns of Court, cul-de-sacs, the forecourts of hotels, and half-made roads leading to isolated farms.) On a recent pitch-black night my friend, hurrying home along such a road, walked into a stationary and unlighted car pulled up on the grass verge. Rather crossly he sought the owner, who said that, although he was sorry about what had happened, the law didn't require him to light his car in a private road.

But my friend has sought advice about this. "Private" roads, he learns, are "roads" for the purposes of the Road Transport Lighting Act, 1927. It doesn't matter in the least, the lawyers tell him, that a road is not "maintained at the public expense." What matters is whether the public have access to it; and the fact that access *can* be denied is immaterial on the days when it isn't. I accept all this, and suppose that the police enforce the Lighting Act with much discretion: you can generally leave your car without lights I find (though with much less confidence than in the United States) in a well-lit part of a quiet road, such as a cul-de-sac.

* * *

I sometimes think every *This England* anthology—an excruciatingly funny addition to the series edited by Audrey Hilton, with "Anton" drawings, has just been published by Turnstile Press at half a crown—should acknowledge its debt to Lord Northcliffe. It was he who brought to British journalism the dead-pan crispness of this example from the *Daily Express:*

> A brass band is to be formed in Dartmoor to encourage 500 convicts to take an eight-month course in home-making . . . The course will be heralded by brass band versions of such songs as *Home, Sweet Home.*

I suppose no standard of news-reporting could eclipse the *John Bull* correspondent who says (and he may well be right) that "so long as school cricket is played with a soft ball there will be juvenile crime"; but this is because the pontifical ("sex education resulted in the fall of the Roman Empire") is almost inevitably comical, at least to the irreverent. There is a painful funniness about these glimpses of the New Elizabethans caught off their guard; and when I say painful, I mean that the physical mechanics of laughter can sometimes spoil its enjoyment. This book should be used with caution.

* * *

The young man was sitting on a bus in which there were four empty seats. Three forlorn would-be passengers were left standing in the rain. "Full up," shouted the clippie, grandly waving her ticket rack. When she came for the young man's ticket, he looked steadily at her and noted down her number. Angrily she asked what he was doing. "You refused to take those people when you had seats," he said. "What's that got to do with you? Who are you?" The young man said calmly: "Secret Police." There was a dead silence on the bus. The clippie went white. I'm sure she soon saw the joke, but perhaps she'll think twice on the next wet afternoon. But the young man had better not try saying "Deuxième Bureau" on a French bus. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A man who had been given the hospitality of his cousin's house and had subsequently committed misconduct with the cousin's wife had done something which morally was as bad as stealing the spoons from the dining-room drawer, said Judge Blagden in the Divorce Court to-day.—*Evening News.* (N. Langford.)

The prosecution said that Miss —— handed two £1 notes to Mr. Ronald Canning, the examiner, when he entered her car before the driving test. . . . In Miss ——'s defence, Mr. E. Allard said she had been looking after delinquent girls for 37 years.—*Evening Standard.* (Catherine Ellis.)

Beautiful hand-crochet tablecloth, large, for miniature poodle. Genuine.—Advt. in *The Lady.* (O. Haward.)

COMMONWEALTH TIES

The Anzus Pact causes confusion
And family friction ensues;
The Motherland chafes at exclusion,
Her daughters admittance refuse.
When Britain proclaims her objection,
Canberra expresses surprise,
Though seeking for U.S. protection,
She owns with unchanging affection
Old Commonwealth ties.

Britannia rebukes her Dominions,
The whole situation is tense,
But, while there may be two opinions
On her part in Pacific defence,
New Zealand's regard is not shaken,
Australia estrangement denies,
The view of Whitehall is mistaken,
She has not cast off or forsaken
Imperial ties.

New bonds with the States are cemented,
But the old are as tight as they were
And Washington has not invented
A tie that Australians prefer.
Americans they may be choosing
As nearer, not dearer, allies,
Their arms for security using,
But firmly, as Britons, refusing
American ties.

The Commonwealth's taste does not waver,
Though Britain is out of the plan,
And no Australasian would favour
A tie-up one day with Japan.
All cherish a rooted suspicion
Of Japanese trade-marks and dyes,
And not upon any condition
Would Canberra sanction admission
Of Japanese ties.

But though the self-governing nations
The Red White and Blue have retained,
Still Anglo-Dominion relations
Are getting increasingly strained.
For Britain thinks colours more glowing
Have dazzled Australia's eyes—
The Stars and Stripes fashion is growing,
And soon she'll no longer be showing
Old Commonwealth ties.

SAGITTARIUS

The Old and the Sick

THE letter was written in a clear copperplate that marched across the paper like a battalion with fixed bayonets. It started with the writer's birth in 1882, covered boyhood, marriage, parent and grandparenthood. It spanned three major wars and several trade depressions. And it ended with a complaint that the cook at the Institution would not give the writer a second helping of pudding. Investigation showed that the old man was incontinent; the pudding in question had been prunes; and the cook's limited medical knowledge—part experience and part superstition—had warned him against awarding a second spoonful of prunes. From this two points emerge—that the lack of a second helping is now a cause for complaint in what was not so long ago the Poor Law Workhouse, and that the staff of the Welfare Homes, as they are now called, look after their charges with a real concern for their health and well-being.

The break from the old Poor Law tradition has been complete in spirit, even though, for a long time, the fabric of the old institutions will have to be used. One Deputy Warden to whom I spoke was sadly unhopeful of his chances of promotion—"I worked too long under the old Poor Law," he said. "Interviewing Committees assume that I'm therefore afflicted with what they call a Poor Law mentality, so here I stay." Local Authority welfare committees have, on the whole, worked wonders with the old buildings. The floors remain flagged and the walls are of brick covered with coat after coat of shiny paint. But colours are brighter and the old Windsor-back hard chairs are being replaced by armchairs—although many old folk avoid the deeper and softer chairs. "Easy enough to sit in," they say, "but it takes too much effort to get up again." So you will still see the rows of chairs ranged against the walls and the old ladies knitting, or sitting with idle hands while their filmy eyes look steadily at nothing. But they are sitting there by choice and are doing nothing by choice. Perhaps because they are capable of little more. There are in all homes, apart from the chronic sick, a few old folk who are mentally feeble or deaf or failing in sight, and whose last years seem to be a blank.

But most of them are active. They sit and gossip, squabble and read the newspapers, trot out to the shops or cinema and lead a full life. Some of them have chores to do, but, for the rest, their time is their own, although they must be in the Home by early evening unless they get a pass. Usually they see to it that they are in for meals. Food is the main preoccupation for many of them. In the Institution I know best, the old people sit at tables for four and are served from heated trolleys, so there is no danger that they will miss a mouthful. Yet they still start to queue outside the dining-room door up to half an hour before the meal starts. At meals the men sit by themselves at one end of the dining-room, each man with his own favourite seat at a favourite table, and the women sit at the other side. The Warden has tried to make them mix, but on the whole they prefer not to. As long as the old Institutions are still in use, most married couples have to be separated—although they can spend all their waking hours together. "A surprising large number are quite pleased about it," I was told.

Some Institutions are adapting blocks of existing buildings so that more couples can stay together, but the more radical advance is in the new, smaller Eventide Homes which are run almost as hotels. Each Home houses only a fraction of the number in the Institutions, and every resident has a separate room. The lounge and dining-rooms are cosy and small. Strangely enough the marriage rate in these circumstances is very high. The reason why men and women mix and even marry in the smaller Homes, while they stay apart in the Institutions is, I think, twofold. In part it is a difference in the atmosphere, and in part a difference in the inmate. The brighter, lively, active and useful old people who still enjoy life are given the still severely limited accommodation in the small houses, while the Institutions cater for the more helpless. There are, of course, still very large numbers in the Institutions who should be in the small Eventide Homes. At the moment in London the large Institutions house about 5,000 people, as against just over 900 in the Homes; but there will always be need for some institutional accommodation. There are always those who would drag down the amenities of the Homes. There are the drunks, the downright filthy, the slow-witted and those who have never learned to live in reasonable contiguity with their fellows.

The Welfare authorities must also deal with the chronic sick, although in doing so most local authorities are now breaking the law which decrees, under the National Health Acts, that the chronic sick shall be looked after in hospitals. Although many hospitals have space they have not the staff to meet the need. Old folk who become bedridden, usually due to the diseases of age, have therefore to stay put in the Institutions. This not only breaks the law, but strains their resources. There is a strong argument here for both changing the law and providing the resources. Many old folk have been living in a Home for a long time. They simply do not want to be pushed around in their last year or so. But they still need care, and on a basis of one trained nurse per ward the Institutions cannot provide it adequately, although they try.

Then again, these are only the old folk who become sick while living in Institutions, people who entered as able-bodied. The L.C.C. alone has four to five hundred chronic sick in its charge. The chronic sick who are outside both hospital and Home, who need care, and can be accepted by neither, are in a very poor way. In the case of those who live alone, something will be done. But, if at all possible, they will be left with relatives, despite the domestic difficulties and the consequential strain and suffering. Here the Welfare State breaks down.

Large numbers of old folk fight against going to Homes. I have in my constituency a street long scheduled for demolition. Walls and ceilings are falling and the houses are being boarded up and sealed as they become empty. Many of the landlords have absconded and few of the tenants pay rent. Hidden away in the few remaining habitable rooms in some of the houses are old men and women who live in dread that the street will be demolished—as it soon will—fearing that they will lose their homes and will have to go to the Institution. Almost without exception their rooms are wet and draughty, not surprisingly, as they are in houses where outer walls have gone and doors have become firewood. Most of the beds are a mess of squalid blankets. They take a mid-day meal several times a week from the meals-on-wheels service, and for the rest they brew tea or toast bread, or their sons or daughters bring food to them.

These are not people who live a decent life under difficulties. They are old folk who barely exist. Yet they will not be moved, and authority can step in only when they are manifestly beyond looking after themselves. I have argued with some of them. Welfare workers have pleaded with them. But they shake their heads. We tell them they will be fed and clothed, they will be free to go out, free to have visitors. But they still refuse.—"What'll happen to all my furniture?" one old chap once said to me, pointing to a brass bedstead tied with wire and piled high with old topcoats, and to a chair and a gas stove. "I might think about it if they'd store my furniture in case I want to come out again."

People come to the Homes in different ways. Some turn up and ask for admittance. The welfare officer investigates and, if the case is genuine, they are admitted. Some are brought by the children who can no longer manage to keep them because their own families are growing, or because *their* children are marrying and bringing a husband or wife home to live with the parents. Others are simply not wanted. And so it goes on. They are admitted. They pay out of their personal income and have a little pocket-money. Some make friends, others live alone in a crowd. They grow attached to a favourite chair in a favourite room. The gregarious mix, play billiards and keep cheerful. Others sit. In some there is the great dignity and beauty of age. With others there is pathetic helplessness. The Welfare Machine does its best in its mechanical way. But the machine which can dispense affection has yet to be designed.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Hsueh-hsi

[This is the second of a series of articles in which the author describes what he himself saw in China two years ago.]

EVERY morning the office staff, each one with a glass of tea in front of him, met round a long, beige-topped table for an hour's study before work. The group was mixed, and included university graduates, two former peasants, a girl typist and a Cantonese accountant. Sometimes the hour passed with reading. Usually it was a discussion session where everyone, from the cook to the general secretary, aired his opinions.

We started, as I recall, with the proposition that "Labour Created the World" and the hand that first wielded tools had helped to fashion the brain, a proposition which led naturally into man's origin and his relationship to apes. Not many had heard of Darwin's theory. One of the clerks had been to a mission school, but it was run by a fundamentalist Protestant sect which ruled the theory out of order. The cook, an ex-policeman, found the possibility of any such relationship disturbing. He visited an exhibition on man's development from Peking and Neanderthal to Modern, thought about it carefully and, one discussion period, looked solemnly at me, the only foreigner, observed the hair on my arms and addressed the group with conviction, exclaiming, "I can understand that Peter might be related to an ape, but I can't believe a Chinese could be." He did not mean it as a sally. It was something he never considered before.

From apes and man we went on to a brief consideration of slave societies and feudalism, then to the history of China since the Opium War (raising such questions as "Why did Britain start the war?" "Did America benefit from British penetration?" "Was the Open Door policy one of generosity or 'me too'?") and thence into consideration of topical affairs, foreign policy, the Marriage Law and land reform. Some of the subject matter was openly political. Much of it concerned social relations, land tenure, the ancient and abominable domination of woman by man. The study group provided a vigorous forum for the exchange of experiences. How poor *was* the peasant? One, son of a peasant, illustrated poverty from his own life. Was the position of women in the old society *so* bad? The Cantonese described how he had watched women being sold in market places and seen a percentage of the price handed to the local tax office. The level of discussion was not always high, but it was always lively and opened their minds to new ideas.

Study, *Hsueh-hsi*, is common to all government organisations, co-operatives, trade unions, factories and schools, even among the Chinese staff of foreign business firms; and I came on the clerks of a branch of the Honkong and Shanghai Bank studying financial policies and related matters. It has become a feature of life, a means of informing people of the whys and wherefores of laws and movements, not simply of their existence. To some extent the Newspaper Reading Circles in the villages and the drive to teach illiterates, in which similar, simplified material is used, complement the study groups.

After a while the group I attended assumed another aspect. It initiated criticism and self-criticism. This was not the case with all such groups. Our organisation happened to be a small one, and everyone working in it attended the study sessions, so the development was logical. Each member had begun to think about the nature of society. What about their own relationship to society, and, more specifically, their effectiveness in the new society as reflected in their work?

It happened that a quarrel, a stupid clash of personalities, was upsetting the office routine. Two responsible staff members were involved. One thought the other was after his job. The second felt he was being ignored and pushed into the background. Both had once been in business, and both were university graduates. One morning it was suggested that the work of the office should be taken as the topic and that each one should describe his part, how he did it, what difficulties he encountered, and what he felt were his own deficiencies in his job. The consensus was that the time for it was overripe, and the one Communist in the group (which also included an ex-Communist) agreed to start the ball rolling by appraising his own activities. The following morning he began by making an astonishingly frank assessment of his shortcomings, which others added to—he was, they mentioned, inclined to quick temper and sometimes neglected to explain fully enough why he handled certain matters in such and such a way. There was a pause. The contestants were obviously called upon to speak, though no one expressly said so. One excused himself, saying he would like to think his actions over. The other began, very slowly, to disclose his own feelings on the conflict which held up the organisation's work. The matter was not cleared up for several days, by which time everyone had discussed his or her own work. Half-disclosures were followed by general discussion, general discussion by greater frankness. These two contestants, after all, were "bosses" who had criticised and never before been criticised. They had to overcome pride, conceit, and the fear that acknowledging their mistakes might lower their prestige and authority, and the way they responded emphasised the hesitations and pride of the intellectual.

Mutual criticism and self-criticism is as common as daily study, and infinitely more important, though the two cannot be separated. The technique as developed by the Communists is a gauge of work done, work in progress, and work to do. It is used by peasants, workers and wholly non-Communist groups. A West China church has adopted the practice, its congregation meeting with the preacher after service to analyse his sermon and decide whether he has presented the message of humility, charity or whatever his text may be in a manner they can understand.

Most of the intellectuals (the category is broader than the English usage of the word suggests, and includes students, teachers, some professional people, scientists) were given an opportunity to help and live with the peasants during land reform. This acted like a cathartic, particularly on those from landlord families. Some returned from it shocked, with a sense of guilt. Few had comprehended the detailed horror of landlord oppression and it was humbling to realise that each year of their education had cost the combined incomes of some tens of brutalised, illiterate peasant families. The experience brought them down to earth, showed them just why change had to come, mixed them with people to whom they had been strangers, and overcame some of their contempt, a scholar's trait, for hewing, carrying and dirtying their hands. This was combined with the gradual introduction of criticism and self-criticism. Here was the rub. For it meant that a person's life was laid, so to speak, on the table, to be assessed by the individual and all those present in relation to social change. Had he helped better the peasant's and worker's lot in the past? Had he helped change society? If not, what was the root of his passivity, or hostility?

This was done where the person worked or taught, in the company of his colleagues, each discussing himself and his fellows. On occasion each one wrote out a summary of his own life, stating, for example, what he considered had been the influence upon him of growing up in a comfortable home into which he could retreat when difficulties faced him, and his attitude to manual labour. The process could not be forced. Upon its effect depended the degree of support to current ideas which many intellectuals would give. It could not be hurried. The individual, it was argued, had to be let into it easily and be ruffled as little as possible. It did not mean that criticism was one-sided. Certainly it was possible to inject malicious destruction into the process, but anyone who loosed his tongue unwisely to pay back old scores might find himself the target of the severest criticism. Nor was the individual defenceless. He could counter unjust criticism, either of himself or others, and the last thing he was expected to do was to immolate himself in violent self-criticism or neglect mention of his own and others' good points. Nevertheless, however one views it, it was a painful experience. Yet it could be strikingly effective in making a person see himself against a background of revolutionary change. I met a journalist who told me that after a week of such discussion he understood how wrong and selfish his life had been. For a moment I thought he was either being naive or exaggerating. "No," he said, emphatically, "I mean it." To him, moving as he had in Kuomintang circles, aware of corruption, resenting it but not fighting it, constituted a gross sin of omission.

The technique was applied to day-to-day work by all sections of the population, only it was hardest for the intellectual because he was more self-contained and sensitive to his inherited position. A person's work was the starting point. The good and the bad in it were analysed back to their causes. The analysis often jolted his ideas about himself. To take a simple example, the head of a university arts department had a balance left over from his annual budget. The biology department, which was expanding, ran out of funds and could not buy all the equipment it needed. The arts department head put his money aside for the next year, and did not mention the fact, though he knew the biology department could make good use of it. Why? Was he department-proud? Did he not know the biology department was making experiments which would help local peasants? Did he not realise the welfare of the whole depended on the well-being of the parts? Instead of individual excellence and attainment, another yardstick was provided—How, in what degree, had he helped the peasants and workers and was he now doing so? Simply to acknowledge that such criticism was justified was not the end of it. A genuine acknowledgement would be reflected in subsequent work, as easily checked in a professor who had thought only in terms of his own department as in a lathe operator who skimped quality for output.

Fundamentally criticism and self-criticism represents a continuing, growing collective check on collective work. For the intellectuals its importance lies in the fact that they represented a small, privileged class, for only recently 85 per cent. of the population could not even read or write. Despite their eager alliance with the new they were inclined to other-worldliness, to isolation, and at times to an extreme and esoteric individualism. The problem was how best to fit them into a society where, contrary to custom, they were expected to pass their knowledge to as many as possible and to work

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with as many and varied groups as possible. Criticism and self-criticism was held to be part of the answer, for it did for the intellectual in greater degree what it did for others. It made him think of himself as a person playing a part in a group production and subordinated his role to the whole performance. It disciplined him and made him more useful.

PETER TOWNSEND

Mute Slaves of Fashion

THERE is always a grain of disenchantment in going behind the scenes. Somebody, I recall, wrote a touching little story about a lonely, sentimental young man who lost his heart to an exquisite and unapproachable waxen lady who smiled, rain or shine, behind the glass of a shop-window. She was presumably *en toilette*, and perhaps alone, or with one graceful friend, in her elegance. Meet her sisters *en masse*, naked as the dawn, with no plate-glass partition between you and their jointed, idealised feminity; the effect is quenching. The hardiest Pygmalion would think twice before breathing life into such an embarrassing number of refined nudes as those which confront you in the showrooms of the makers of commercial lay figures.

Yet these manufacturers are practitioners of an art which, in its original form, is of respectable antiquity. Lysistratos of Sycion having discovered how to make wax casts and plaster impressions, the Greeks and Romans went in for ancestral busts in a big way; and with the Renaissance came a revival of the use of waxen effigies, for the funeral processions of dead kings and the embellishment of churches with the appropriate saints—to say nothing of the craft of Black Magic. Secularisation followed: the showman, with his waxwork entertainment, became a feature of the late 17th and early 18th centuries; and the tradition he established still survives in Madame Tussaud's and the Musée Grevin. It was not, however, until the end of the 19th century that the use of wax models to attract commercial customers came into fashion. The hairdressers began it—about 1898 in Paris, and a year or two later in London—exhibiting in their windows the high-piled coiffures of the period.

The trick apparently had customer-appeal. With Paris (1905) still in the lead, a London maker of waxworks, whose *atelier* you may still see near the antique-junk-market of Portobello Road, was advertising in 1908 full-length "Tableau Figures" for window display. Being of wax, these ladies had one disadvantage: they could not stand heat; and after the end of World War I, when shop windows began to have more brilliant, hotter lighting, manufacturers had to have recourse to stouter substitutes for wax. Laminated paper or *pâpier mâché*, sandpapered smooth, polished and painted, was adopted, and is still in use for the less expensive types of lay figures—the hands being made of pliable rubber latex. Superior ladies are made of a patent composition guaranteed to be more lovely than life.

The process of manufacture is quite elaborate, and is a real handicraft—to give it no higher term. First, a clay model is made from commercially "ideal" measurements. (For the information of women readers of this journal, let me add that the standard measurements represent Size 38 in this country; but Britain is alone in displaying O.S. figures in its windows.) From the model a plaster (waste) mould is taken, and from that is cast a plaster model which is given a perfected finish. The plaster model is then dissected and moulds are taken of its sections—head, torso, arms, legs and so forth. From these moulds the final figure is cast in bits and assembled with the articulation necessary for display. It is then sprayed and hand coloured, and provided with teeth, and eyes and hair. On top-grade figures the hair is an important factor, and wigs will not do at all. Each hair—the raw material coming from sources as diverse as Confucian China and Christian convents—is individually affixed; and the result is a coiffure which can be washed and restyled with the changes in fashion.

Herein, of course, lies the figure-maker's chief problem—and also the economic basis for his continuance in business. Forty years ago you could buy a passable shop-window lady for less than a fiver; to-day she will cost, in top quality, something like £70. Thus those retail distributors who go in largely for this form of window display are locking up quite a lot of capital in these assets. So, when they buy a new set of lay figures, they naturally hope that the manufacturer will anticipate, if possible, next year's fashion. He does his best; and a look through old catalogues of figures—whose "lines" range from the Edwardian S-shaped women of my childhood, through the boyish, flat-breasted creatures of the shapeless early 'twenties to the narrow-waisted, long-legged "uplift bra" girls of to-day—shows how sensitive to fashion's changes these creators of its mute slaves have been. Even so, I am told, the normal life of a show-figure in London's West End is rarely more than five years: after that, she is relegated to some less fashion-conscious small provincial town. Hence the recurring need for renewals saves a market which would otherwise, since composition ladies can stand hard knocks, be glutted.

But for the male visitor who has made his way into the showrooms of this strange, specialised business, the most interesting question perhaps is the facial personality given to the figures. The really sophisticated shopper, it seems, does not need or want the appeal of a head at all: the shopper's imagination can be relied on to provide face, hat and accessories for a dress hung from headless shoulders. If head there be, it is best stylised, almost abstract. But there are weaker, less imaginative sisters, one gathers, who require to be attracted by a figure complete in every visible detail—a golden rule seemingly in the "popular" trade. What sort of features, then—idealised, classic, common-or-garden, virtuous or minxish? Old catalogues suggest that virtue, or at least an air of superior aloofness, went down well in the Twenties and Thirties. To-day the recipe seems to be more complex: the lady must be naturalistic up to a point, and have character; but the character must be that of a glamourised type, the career girl who so nearly gets an offer from Hollywood, or for whose flat the good-looking Managing Director pays the rent. To create this sales-compelling impression, and at the same time to follow strictly the principle that the face must never distract attention from the dress, is the current problem of artists in window display. I don't know whether the sentimental young man in the story would have approved of their contemporary achievements. But then, sentiment of that sort is probably out of fashion.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Aerated Waters

"THE personal charm of the hostess counts for something even among people who are so dependent on luxury as the English upper classes," announces Mrs. C. S. Peel in her *How To Keep House* (1902), but it is not charm at which Mrs. Peel aims, it is efficiency. In her opening chapters, she deals with the best expenditure outlay for incomes ranging from £200 ("Holidays spent with friends") to £2,000, naturally feeling rather more at home with the latter sum. Was there, one wonders, an Edwardian social *cachet* in the presence and use of aerated waters? These refreshing beverages are not mentioned until we reach the £400 mark and then they are constantly budgeted for, sometimes ranking in importance with "Groom-gardener, to live out," sometimes bracketed incomprehensibly with cleaning materials, flowers and soap.

Mrs. Peel is scornful of the muddled and the improvident. "Sullenness, or even temper, on the part of the housemaid may surely be forgiven" when, having prepared herself for the afternoon (black dress, muslin apron, turn down collar, cuffs, cap), it is suddenly sprung on her that a spare room must be made ready (biscuits at the bedside, and, of course, aerated waters). This lack of foresight may well have extended to other departments and may enable the housemaid to have her revenge later in the day, popping a spiteful face round the door shortly before dinner and crying triumphantly, "If you please, ma'am, there are no aerated waters." Follow Mrs Peel and avoid such uncomfortable moments.

Let us see how the experienced Edwardian mistress sets about the week. Sailing into the larder on Monday morning, she finds present the remains of a forequarter of cold lamb, the carcase, two legs and one wing of a cold boiled chicken, and half a bowl of fruit salad. "The mistress takes in the situation and disposes of the materials." Monday's meals seem more or less settled, it being only necessary to order bacon (to accompany the fricassee of chicken), cream for the tomato soup, fillets of plaice (to precede the cold lamb, now tricked out as *croûstades à la diable*), and partridges. Tuesday's breakfast is but a snackette: omelette with green peas, cold partridge, bacon (a butter-dish to each two covers).

Meals below stairs are chancy, luncheon on September 9 being substantially the same as in the dining-room, the servants being denied

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nothing but Yorkshire pudding, cold partridge, and custard with their jam tart. On August 7, however, having sent aloft clear soup, fillets of plaice, tartar sauce, potatoes, veal cutlets, peas, chocolate soufflé, cheese and dessert, we find the servants' hall gazing bemused at the cold meat and pickles that have been firmly prescribed for them. Was sullenness, or even temper perhaps, being punished? Is it conceivable that Agnes had once again become flummoxed over the aerated waters? Had cook forgotten to enter up the Duplicate-Order Book, or had she taken exception to a routine check of her back premises, sinks and grease traps? "Should the cook resent this inspection, let her realise that it is your house and that she is yet your servant, and if she does not appreciate the position . . .," etc., etc. Cold meat may well bring it home to her, and also to Agnes for not comprehending that "at all meals, aerated waters should be in readiness."

Cooks, it seems, come in five kinds: the cook-housekeeper, the professed cook, the cook, the plain cook, and the cook-general. Of these, the jolliest kind to be is the professed cook; cook-housekeepers may get £10 a year more but it entails that fussing business of composing menus, peering up chimneys to detect soot, and ensuring that a *couvre-pied* is available in each spare room for warding off draughts from visitors' feet. The professed cook, in carefree ease, can devote her time to making things agreeably hot for the others: she must "see that the behaviour of the kitchen-maid and scullerymaid is satisfactory . . . see that what cooking is done by the under-maids is done properly." When surfeited with chivvying, she may inspect the stores or chat with the butler (clean-shaven, except in the case of an ex-soldier, when a moustache may be retained).

Furthermore, no hour is laid down at which the professed cook must rise, while the cook is down at 6.45 and wiping the larder shelves, the plain cook is down at 6.30 and doing the dining-room grate (whilst the dust is settling she gets busy with doorstep and brasses), and the cook-general is down at 6 and, before breakfast is so much as cleared, she has cleaned doorstep, brasses, dining-room and hall, wolfed her own breakfast, tidied kitchen and larder, "and put on a plain pudding." "It is difficult," muses Mrs. Peel, reflecting on the cook-general's life, "to define the duties of such domestics, for really they are supposed to do the entire work of the house." Therefore, there being no parlourmaid, it is the cook-general who must, on the stroke of 10 p.m., bring in the aerated waters.

After informing us that charwomen get 2*s.* 6*d.* a day "and food, generally beer," Mrs. Peel runs off a most varied list of household hints. Parlour-maids may clean no boots other than patent boots. Soot is a valuable manure: dissuade the sweep from making off with it. The third sitting-room is dusted by the housemaid (at just about 6.52 a.m.). If a guest "has had her bicycle cleaned, she should certainly remember the fact when bestowing her *douceurs*." Remove beetles by means of the "Demon" beetle trap, or, if your nerves are equal to it, dart after lights out "into the room where they congregate" and lay about you with a shovel. Beetles are allergic to rhubarb leaves but regard footwear as edible and tasty. Remove flies by the simple method of seizing a damp duster and squashing them on the windows. When shutting up the house, smear all metal articles with mutton fat.

Mrs. Peel is particularly lucid on the subject of drains. Flush these every day with water, "the sudden rush of one bucketful" being more effective than any amount of tame trickling. Those interested in the rival claims of water-borne and earth sanitation "should read the works on this subject from the pen of Dr. V. Poore." If you favour the earth system, select your "patent automatic seat" and do make sure that only the top spit of garden soil is used; you will need first to dry it in a shed and then riddle it; mix it with ashes, if you feel you must, but this practice will be mere embroidery. Water-borne systems are all very well, but what about the "back pressure of foul gases"? Here, however, the servants will come in handy, a sore throat, blood poisoning, or even typhoid below stairs being a useful reminder that the moment has come for an expert to remove the "D" traps and cast a knowledgeable eye into the inspection chambers.

One would hardly dare to question Mrs. Peel. One just wonders at what point in the Victorian or Edwardian eras it was *de rigueur* for the butler to "open the drawing-room door wide and say in a loud voice, 'Dinner is on the table.'"

ARTHUR MARSHALL

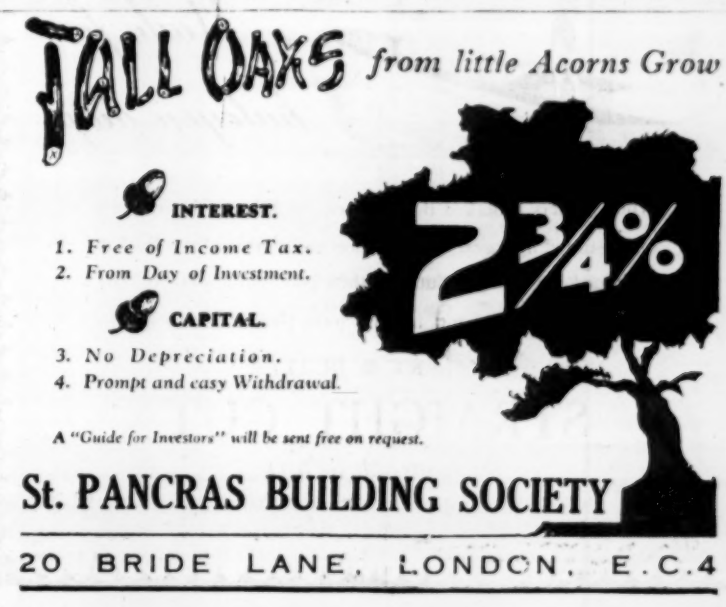
Hey, Presto!

A GRAND Festival of Magic enveloped the Scala Theatre the other week. Every night, with a matinee thrown in, wands waved, handkerchiefs blossomed, liquids changed hue, the snipped rope regained its wholeness, rabbits were lifted by the ears out of hats, and of course the lady was sawn in half.

When, alack, were ladies not sawn in half? A mere thirty years ago, it appears—on stage, that is to say. And now no visitation of conjurers is complete without them. Others we can (and at the Scala did) dispense with: the ghost at the piano, the levitated boy, King Charles's head. But a scrupulous bisection—instilled in us, after all, by Euclid—we must have.

The situation has a decided appeal. How they, the ill-starred pair, may have come to their present pass, what it signifies, where it leads, we may not of course know; nor whether it is of regular, even weekly, occurrence. But supper, we may presume, has passed with small appetite and few words; the servants have been dismissed for the evening. The hour strikes. All is prepared. Then how trustfully, with tender gaze and smile never faltering, will she submit to the whim of her strange lover; he (the victim, no doubt, of some Hoffmannesque addiction) points to the gaping trunk; in she must get; she's tied up; the door or lid closes, the clasps snap to; and now begins the ordeal with its pledge—but do we detect anguish in the lover's face?—of a happy conclusion. Terribly, in a silence broken by the metallic clang and rasp, the moments go by; there is an even more dreadful pause when, work done, the hero may perhaps sit mopping his brow; then one by one the instruments of martyrdom are withdrawn, and it's all over. Out she steps, fresh as morning, while the orchestra triumphantly holds a chord—*she*, since one can hardly suppose the roles reversed. For a gentleman, in the circumstances, to enter or leave that trunk into which, with all the ceremony attending a wedding-cake, sabres have been thrust and saws introduced, would bring, even in these days, profound disillusion. No, it is up to her.

Wardrobes are another matter. Better men than I have found them accommodating, and when the wardrobe stands high and dry in a field, serving as the village lock-up—as it did in the resuscitation of Nevil Maskelyne's *Will, the Witch, and the Watchman*—why, anyone might find himself there under a new moon. Sixty or so members of the audience, mostly children, chose to go through first, on a tour of inspection. (A healthy distrust of the furniture would seem the lesson of all these pieces.) Then the wardrobe was locked, the play started. A "comedy of the year 1750," it dealt boisterously with a pair of lovers, a gnarled parent, a gooseflesh constable, a witch, a monkey, and hints of the very Devil. One or more of these was always in clink (though never the right one), and what with scampering round and nipping in and never coming out, and a cupboard displayed to us bare as old Mrs. Hubbard's when it should have been crammed, we grew dizzy keeping track of persons and events. The Monkey especially made the most of a very uncertain status, and the whole romp left us wishing that conjurers, who don't have to prove how clever they are, would adhere more to a past in which mystery flourished. Fairies, ghosts, goblins, familiars, poltergeists, and their successors in ectoplasm and cosmic ray, offer surely a richer field of bamboozlement than the silk handkerchief and the helpful cylinder.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It seemed to me, as an outsider at these festivities of The Magic Circle, that the magician was letting go of too much. His style grows familiar. He is giving up dread. What he needs is a sound Gothic revival.

However I must admit that the appearance of young Mr. Fred Kaps (World Champion Conjurer, Madrid, 1950) quite upset these reflections. Mr. Kaps is a dandy. He strolls on in evening dress, twirling a cane, lifting an opera-hat, radiating inscrutable ease; the perfect cigarette advertisement. He glances over his newspaper as only the man of fashion, in thrall to horses and women, can, at the same time rolling it faultlessly round his cane, and with some news item about to vanish always catching his eye; then the final corner is smoothed, the stop-press lingered over, and with a gesture—so much till to-morrow!—paper and cane float away in a crumpled ball. No mistaking the fluency, the impeccableness of those fingers. They summon a pack of cards, and the cards dance for them, fly, turn over, stand on end: Kings and Queens start from the atmosphere, to be scattered recklessly. Mr. Kaps smiles, sweeps off his hat. Now he seeks the relief of a cigarette, and the cigarette's his; blows a smoke-cloud, from it detaches a new lit cigarette, flings aside the old, puffs, plucks, again and again. Thin air be damned, he'll rifle it thick! And the orchestra goes on playing soft dance tunes. And Mr. Kaps, smiling, says not a word. Why should he? His fingers, those most eloquent actors, have spoken for him. They have reached the end of their idyll, and the applause storms across. Encore! But all we can bring back now is the smile, the congratulation. A miracle is over. Out of artfulness has sprung art.

G. W. STONIER

The Arts and Entertainment

A ST. DOMINIC MASS

ONE evening last week, the Third Programme broadcast a performance by the B.B.C. West of England Singers of Edmund Rubbra's Opus 66, a work so impressive and so beautiful as to overshadow the usual round of Festival Hall concert-giving. This is his *Missa in honorem Sancti Dominici*, published in 1949, and not to be confused with his Anglican *Missa Cantuarensis*, Opus 59, composed in 1945. Both scores are available from Messrs Lengnick, and they offer many interesting points of comparison. Their scale, length and style are very different. The Canterbury Mass is elaborately laid out for solo voices and double choir (the Decani and Cantoris of English cathedral tradition), and its Creed is accompanied by organ. The St. Dominic Mass, about half as long, maintains an *a cappella* style throughout and is strictly liturgical after the Roman use. The earlier work conveys the general impression of a thoroughly effective occasional piece; the newer and shorter work speaks with restraint the direct and unmistakable language of personal conviction. In it, the composer has condensed his thoughts to a remarkable degree: of the six sections of the Mass, four occupy only two pages of score apiece.

Whatever the harmonic developments of instrumental music, it is likely that the best choral writing will remain anchored, however distantly, to the common chord. You may compose a "twelve-note" fugue for a choir if you like, but it is doubtful if you will ever hear it accurately sung. Composers who recognise this truth do not necessarily, however, wish their choral works to be confined to modal or diatonic platitude. It seems to me that in his new Mass Rubbra has steered with perfect judgment between a tame pastiche-style and excessively chromatic "word-painting." The open fifth, without major or minor inflection, is used throughout the Mass as a point of departure and return. It is possible that these open fifths symbolize for the composer some sort of absolute: recalling medieval organum, they suggest simple faith, or the abstract notion of Divinity. Musically they come like a draught of clear water. They enable the composer to diverge into new and distant keys without the chromatic deliquescence of modulation. Some of his key-changes, often enharmonically achieved, are remote and very beautiful, but they are not startling or luscious or sticky.

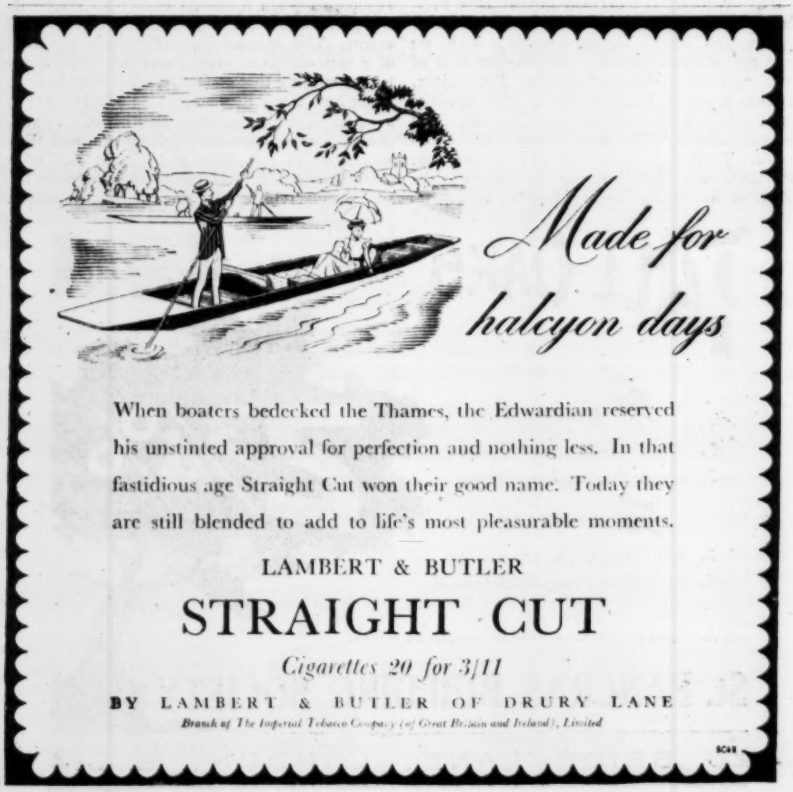
Rubbra does not depart from pure *a cappella* layout except when he subdivides the voices in order to produce a massive chord sequence; on these occasions the delicacy of his ear is shown by the perfect, often very original, spacing of the parts. Such a passage occurs at the beginning of the Gloria. There is a *forte* unison opening, followed by a minim rest; then the words "Et in terra pax . . ." are set to music which spreads nobly from a *piano* unison to closely spaced harmony which shows a preference for common chords in the first inversion. In the "Et in Spiritum Sanctum" of the Creed a mysterious simplicity is produced by *pianissimo* conjunct motion, with the male voices maintaining consecutive octaves and fifths in their lowest register. The effect of these passages is never thick or muddy.

The purity and sonority of Rubbra's choral writing in this work is all the more striking by contrast with his normal orchestral style. In his five symphonies, it has often seemed as though he were writing for an ideal orchestra, an orchestra free from all grossly physical attributes and liabilities, one in which contrapuntal strands might be freely developed in any register, and for any length of time, without fear of consequent thickness, greyness or drabness of sound. It is certainly true that his symphonic openings and central intermezzo movements contain lovely stretches of scoring; it is also true that in part the coarse impression left by his tuttis results from poor playing and inadequate rehearsal. But, after making all allowances, there is surely a residuum of truth in the objections to Rubbra's scoring; and I think he has recognised this himself in certain orchestral revisions which he has made to one of his earlier symphonies. How are we to reconcile this occasional obtuseness with the exquisite sense of sonority shown throughout the St. Dominic Mass? Perhaps the nature of his symphonic style—endlessly self-generating melodic polyphony—is unsuited, without further modification, to the heterogeneous timbres and strengths of our twentieth-century orchestra.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TEMPTATIONS OF TALENT

THE present lack of any central tradition of painting or sculpture—either to work within or to rebel against—has had far-reaching results on the working artist. The natural, traditional development of an artist depends upon such qualities as patience, the gradual acquiring of a degree of dexterity, the strengthening of imagination, the precise refinement of method. If the artist happens to be a genius, his originality will force him to enlarge upon the vision and method with which he has made himself competent, and he will create a new synthesis. But for the ordinary talented painter, in these normal circumstances, the temptation is simply to over-cherish what he has inherited. Nowadays the exact opposite is true. The temptation for the talented painter is to reject all ready-made solutions and to think in terms of excessive individuality and complexity. As a result, the development of an artist today depends not only on the qualities I have mentioned, but first and foremost on his being able to prune his various ambitions until they become consistent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with one another. Any general tradition obviously reduces the abuse of talent. Today such abuse is widespread. Yet to say this is not necessarily to condemn the individual artists concerned.

Look, for example, at McWilliam's sculptures (worked directly in metal) at the Hanover Gallery. These, although a considerable advance on any of his previous work, still illustrate a confusion of principle. His aim in these elongated, scaffolding-like figures, in which the mass of their bodies is left out and only the "framework" put in, is, I think, to find an austerely architectural expression for some human idea—*Parents and Children*, *Mother and Daughter*. They are an attempt to create a monumental sculpture in line with the free, fluid space so typical of the best modern architecture. But the trouble is that the forms used are not logical formalisations—depending upon a process of analysis, simplification and reconstruction, but are wilful distortions—essentially arising from, and demanding some personally emotional justification. The spaces left, where the torsos should be, don't give the spectator a sense of formal release and pleasure, but an almost surrealist shock. And if this is the case, if McWilliam is really a romantic, rather subjective artist (look, incidentally, at the girl floating above her bed and the purely romantic particularisation of the bedclothes and bedstead), then he should work with undisguised emotion, with far greater warmth and probably on a smaller scale. His small figures of Cain and Abel (the best is No. 14) suggest that he may be beginning to do so.

Upstairs in the same gallery are twenty paintings by Robin Campbell which I found admirable and hopeful. But in a rather special way. Campbell although forty, has only been painting during the years since the war. Thus, these are the works of an apprentice, but of an apprentice who has a mature understanding of his own intentions. Realising his temperamental affinity with the cubists, and in particular with Gris and Léger, he has submitted himself to the discipline of that movement—just as most art students are still taught to submit themselves to the discipline of Renaissance drawing. I find this admirable and hopeful because, although Campbell is not yet an original artist, his work is full of genuine but controlled excitement. One feels that the objects in his still-lives—tankards, match-boxes, saucepans, bottles, studio accessories—are vital symbols for him: not esoteric symbols, but microcosmic examples of the rational organisation, the carpentry, the practical, applied imagination to be found in the man-made world as a whole. And at the same time, in his best pictures (Nos. 6, 7, 11, 13, 17) these qualities are made manifest in the process of painting itself—in his analysis of overlapping, turning planes, in his balancing of flat pattern and three-dimensional space, in his sturdy (in contrast to the fashionably effete) assessment of textures. The confusion in Campbell's case arises in his landscapes and certain semi-abstract paintings. In these he sacrifices the natural precision of his analytical vision for quite incompatible rather Klee-like decorative generalisations. If he can clear his own mind about this and finally tackle subjects which are more than microcosms, he will be a first-rate painter.

At the Appolinaire Gallery are 30 paintings by Benjamin Creme (born 1922)—mostly formalised landscapes. Their composition, in terms of pure design, is sometimes very impressive and several have a certain poetic intensity. But, again, the trouble is that at the moment their poetry and their design are incompatible. The poetry is genuinely extracted from the subject, while the composition is more often than not an arbitrary "grid" imposed upon it. Somehow he must relate his feelings as a person to his knowledge as a designer. Strong passages, like the trees and the holes of space between them in No. 15, make me think that if he works with a more direct respect for his subjects, he will be able to do so.

JOHN BERGER

RADIO NOTES

THE Imaginary Conversation, though there may be no action at all, has an implicit dramatic requirement; even the best quality talk is not enough without an imaginatively convincing occasion. The recently revived *Train to Banbury* (a meeting between Newman and Kingsley a few years after the publication of the *Apologia*) was a good example of the contained drama in a setting of ideas; so, last week, in lighter and drier mood, was Honor Tracy's *De l'Angleterre, or Miss Austen Provides a Foot-Note*. Here, Miss Tracy, drawing prettily—indeed, shamelessly—on the device Coincidence, did what history never contrived to do in bringing together Jane Austen and Mme de Stael. For not only did the visiting lioness, "confirming by direct observation of the English scene the intuition already supplied by her genius," invite the unaccompanied English gentlewoman into her carriage, but directed the conversation, all unaware, to a little work called *Pride and Prejudice*. Yet, the two ladies being what they were, neatness as much as fancy seemed to govern the chances of the situation. The juxtaposition was a nice one, and suited the author's witty pen. I recall Miss Austen asking her companion: "On what aspects of English life could I be better informed than you?"; denying that the Englishwoman was an enigma; being told that a lady was to be distinguished not by her propriety, but by "her generosity! her passion! her courage! her enthusiasm for all which elevates above the vulgar and the mediocre!"; observing that "a comfortable income is not to be despised: although persons who have been used all their lives to great wealth may not agree"; and, after receiving a final castigation, remarking: "Why, ma'am, I don't know when I have heard my own situation so prettily summarised: and if the course you suggest were not the one I have always followed, I believe I should adopt it at once." Miss Austen's day perhaps; though the "footnote" with which she provided the opposing lady did deal with the absence of irony in English conversation. Rayner Heppenstall was the producer: the two speakers were Betty Hardy and Jeanette Tregarthen.

No medieval moralist could have devised a more ironic time for Michael Tippett's impressive talk on Pride (the first in a series on *The Seven Deadly Sins and the Contemporary World*) than immediately following The Pilgrims' Dinner, with its jaunty speeches on war and rearmament by General Ridgway and the Prime Minister. Mr. Tippett is not only one of the few speakers whose talks on aesthetics have a tolerable philosophic content; he is also one of the few who can speak on ethical problems without the detachment of the professional theologian. His analysis of collective sin and private guilt made a valuable opening to what should, in idea at least, prove a series of unusual interest.

The Guv'nor was a tribute to George Edwardes ("creator of English Musical Comedy"), arranged by Charles Brewer, produced by John Tylee, introduced (and, I suspect, inspired in the zest of its presentation) by Sir Compton Mackenzie. Though I have several times written ungraciously about theatrical tributes on the radio, I must declare that this programme—an hour of songs, with a little commentary, from the original Edwardes productions—I found entirely enchanting. This was not only for the charm of the songs themselves, which was considerable, but for the singing—light, gay, mannered, delicate, irresistible, and sounding both in air and diction very much (I imagine, as one born a post-Edwardian) as they must have done on the lively stage of fifty years ago.

It was a strange experience on a rainy October evening to listen to *A Company of Fools*, a sequence of plaintive and beautiful poems by James Kirkup. Yet their content was not simple; for all his loneliness and child-like visions the Fool

There is more energy in a raincloud than in an atomic bomb—and one day we may know how to tap it: there is inexhaustible power in the tides, and people have envisaged a time when we may use so much of it as to alter the orbit of the moon. . . . Perhaps the windmill will stage a comeback, lifted on an aluminium tower to a height of a thousand feet or more. And what of solar radiation? . . . Or will cheap power from atomic fuels outdistance all the rest? Who knows? . . . But one thing is certain—whether the power station of tomorrow be a forest of steel masts or an atomic reactor buried in a concrete hill, it will owe something to TI. Not in components alone but in the practical devices that take shape when TI specialists are called in.

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in each poem is living in the same world as ourselves. The choice of the readers—two women (Siobhan McKenna and Julia Lang)—turned out to be brilliantly successful; their clear, unemotional, rather youthful voices bringing out most movingly the poems' tender, wry, and thoughtful melancholy.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Kon-Tiki" and "Strangers in the House," at the Curzon

"Venetian Bird," at the Leicester Square

"L'Amour, Madame," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

The Curzon cinema, having been—from the critic's point of view—laid up for so long, returns with a double programme hard to beat. Perhaps it was as well that we had to wait for *Kon-Tiki*. The film doesn't add much, but refreshes splendidly. All we ask, in such a case, is authenticity; and here are the camera's first-hand jottings, with no more art—in fact, with considerably less—than the printed narrative. Thor Heyerdahl speaks a commentary that is pleasantly undemonstrative; members of the expedition are interviewed; and Mr. Richard Dimbleby briefly recapitulates with the aid of maps and stills the theory that gave birth to adventure.

We watch with our own eyes the raft taking shape, the send-off, the big seas (but don't see the biggest), the parrot and the oil stove, the fish speared or picked up on deck, the bathing, the sharks, the great shark-whale. This last it is indeed a thrill to encounter, dimly, shadowily, as it slides its mottled breadth under the raft; to and fro it has passed; and then the man with the harpoon can't resist striking. Insanely frivolous? But it did the trick, or at least didn't upset the applecart; the survivors are here to chuckle about it. The other enormous danger was the quite unpredictable one, when (against all the odds) they had travelled their four thousand miles, of making a landing. Knife-edged coral almost undid them where sharks' teeth had failed. But their luck held. They wrecked without loss; soon the camera is doing what it enjoys most—lingering on the humours of salvaging and picking out friendly natives. Never has amateur film-making so come into its own, for while we might enjoy more a better made film, it would be another and distracting enjoyment.

Strangers in the House comes from a Simenon novel—one I haven't read, and obviously a very good one—and has a script by Henri Clouzot and Raimu in the chief part. This combination of talents, well marshalled by Henri Decoin, proves irresistible. The film (dated 1941) belongs to the self-critical period of French cinema, the phase of *Goupé Mains Rouges* and *Le Corbeau*; and one may think it a pity—purely, of course, from the cinematic point of view—that England and America haven't had to undergo a similar trial. Here at any rate is as good a Simenon film as has yet been made, a drama in which the grey lyricism of a provincial town, the hideous dilapidation and respectability of the old and the criminal instincts of the young, are brought together with a rare zest. Add to them Raimu, a barrister turned drunken anchorite, since his wife's death twenty years before, who comes back to life and the criminal courts with an almost Strindbergian vigour; and you have *Strangers in the House*. Raimu's role (a corpse and his daughter's implication in murder gradually wake him) is far from pure comedy; and I'm not sure that I haven't enjoyed this as much as any of his performances. Drunken delicacy, disdain and wit do not rob Raimu of the power of suggesting a sombre background. And his Timon-like denunciation of society in court, followed by "And now I am very thirsty", forms the perfect climax and release.

L'Amour, Madame brings us Arletty as herself, or rather as a signed sketch of herself, in a gay Riviera scandal involving a doggy young lover (François Périer) who invents the affair to raise his status. He—thanks to an indefatigable mother—succeeds in compromising her: and apparently she doesn't mind. She pats him on the head, wields an impervious beauty, dresses fantastically, never ceases to triumph, and in the end gets him to write a play for her. The last is the least convincing; we don't see the play, also we don't see how, in the circumstances, any play could emerge. It is all amusing enough; but how much funnier, one couldn't help thinking, would be a *Love, My Dear* situated in Eastbourne.

Venetian Bird is for those who have forgotten *The Third Man*, with Venice for Vienna, machine-gun politics, antique shop, cat in doorway, shadows across square. No sewer, but rooftops.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Jean-Michel Damase and Bernard Lefort, at the Wigmore Hall

The first of the new series of French Saturday afternoon concerts drew a large audience last week. Jean-Michel Damase is a gifted young composer, influenced by Fauré, and also by Poulenc. He played his own Piano Sonata, a pleasant "sophistication of the graceful," unashamed of its debts and marked by smartness, ease, and fluent invention. *No Exit*, a setting of six nostalgic poems by Paul Gilson about one "Lorna de Maida Vale," proved more individual and was beautifully written in both voice and piano parts. It was a group of Messiaen's *Poèmes pour Mi*, however, which sounded a new and arresting note. "Mi" is Mme Messiaen: the songs, to the composer's own verses, are ardent, deeply felt, and fascinating in their use of intensely personal sonorites and rhythms. Messiaen listens to the sounds of nature: in the *Poèmes pour Mi* these form a vitalising influence, thoroughly assimilated, sensed in the freshness of the music rather than detected. In *The Blackbird*, a flute piece played by Alex Murray, they seemed too simply imitated. Bernard Lefort has a high baritone of pleasing quality, generally smooth but with a tendency to edginess in *forte*. In the new songs, and Fauré's *Poème d'un jour*, *L'Horizon chimérique*, and Ravel's *Don Quichotte* cycle, he showed himself a considerable interpretative artist. The next concert in the series is on November 29, a duo-piano recital by Robert and Gaby Casadesus.

A. P.

"Love from Judy" at the Saville

This new version of *Daddy Long-Legs* is the latest full-scale, high-powered attempt to prove an all-English team capable of turning out a musical comedy fit to be judged by *Oklahoma* standards. It has almost all the ingredients: good production, the right kind of story, gay sets and costumes and lots of young talent. It has everything, in fact, except any good tunes. There is nothing that one leaves the theatre humming—and this, surely, is the ultimate test of any musical comedy. Instead, we get a great deal of witty décor and a number of rich ripe performances. They include a Big Black Mammie (Adelaide Hall), a plummy Edith Wharton dowager (Linda Gray), a high-minded though rather crotchety Daddy Long-Legs (Bill O'Connor), a brightly dumb blonde (June Whitfield), an even brighter brunette (Audrey Freeman) and a chorus of Orphans. Judy herself carries the show. Jean Carson, a *gamine* redhead of immense talent and high spirits, whirls us through New Orleans, 1903, and out on to the college campus, singing and acting with a tomboyish brio that almost disguises the thinness of Hugh Martin's music. Though it is too late to remedy the dearth of good numbers, two big improvements could be effected at a single rehearsal. Johnny Brandon should be induced to cut out nine-tenths of his jerky slapstick. Also, the insistent tock-tock of the theatre microphones be minimised as quickly as possible.

J. N. B. R.

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BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Correspondence

AFTER THE BATTLE

SIR,—I was particularly interested to read Kenneth Robinson's letter, which you published last week, in which he states that, "Well over half the Parliamentary Labour Party is neither Bevanite nor anti-Bevanite", and that it is wrong to imply that these Labour Members can be coerced or cajoled into voting against their better judgment. It is gratifying to learn this and one can only hope that this large part of the Parliamentary Labour Party will appreciate that precisely the same argument is true of the National Executive Elections, and that the voting of the Constituency Labour Parties was neither coerced nor cajoled.

I find it extremely disturbing, however, to learn that over half the Parliamentary Labour Party is not prepared to make political decisions: for surely, stripped of it's "We saved the Party once and can do it again" trimmings, that is what the letter from the Member for St. Pancras North really tells us.

How many of these Members, to whom he refers, spoke against the Health Charges, Rearmament and the Japanese Peace Treaty at meetings of the Parliamentary Labour Party during Labour's term of office?

Admittedly they have recently, but probably this is because the weight of opinion from the Constituency Labour Parties has coerced and cajoled them into so doing. How many of them, other than John Strachey, have shown their loyalty to the Labour Party by publicly condemning Gaitskell's Stalybridge swan song?

The best way these M.P.s can serve the Party is to perform the job for which they were elected—make political decisions—and thereby disband the "Which way the wind is blowing Group." They have to decide whether, as members of the Parliamentary Labour Party, they are prepared to accept majority decisions carried by Conference and to appreciate that the reason why the "Sitters on the Fence" were so completely rejected at Morecambe, was because the delegates were not aware of the policies for which they stood.

R. G. DAVIS-POYNTER

33 Dartmouth Park Avenue, N.W.5.

THE VOICE OF THE SETTLER

SIR,—The now famous letter from "Kenya Settler" must not go without comment from the place where it appears to have been written. Reading it here, one could not but feel somewhat disappointed that the writer has not seen fit to disclose his identity. We all know that people of such extreme views exist, but even so, this letter reads almost like a parody. Nobody attempting parody could have bettered it.

First of all I note that he claims his views to be the "reactions of all intelligent people in Kenya." This is of course not the case. At the recent General Election for the Legislative Council, the European candidates who expressed themselves in the violent terminology of "Kenya Settler's" letter were soundly defeated in favour of more moderate candidates. The latter were admittedly conservative in outlook and the most progressive failed, but he obtained an appreciable vote in a most important constituency.

Secondly he quotes what he calls a "leading European weekly" on the subject of Domination (in capitals). The weekly in question certainly represents the extreme Right view but it is an exaggeration to describe it as "leading." It is not influential.

Thirdly, "Kenya Settler" seems rash enough to hope that the recent legislation will be "regularly renewed." This legislation was introduced with widespread regret and the view has everywhere been expressed by responsible people that it must not be retained any longer than is absolutely necessary to restore order in what, as the events of the past two weeks have clearly shown, is an ugly situation. In spite of appearances there are many here who cherish our liberal traditions. These traditions still remain the greatest part of our British heritage and are not starry-eyed nonsenses to be bundled out of the way at the least excuse.

This brings me to my final observation on "Kenya Settler's" letter. He looks forward to a future Kenya which will rival "even South Africa in its loyalty to British ideals." Even if he has forgotten the Nazi sympathies of many South Africans during the last war and the avowed wish of the Malan Government to break away from the Commonwealth, these two factors are sufficiently obvious to make nonsense of his words.

Letters such as "Kenya Settler's" appear quite frequently in the local press. Indeed "race relations" is a hardy perennial. The more extreme views on any subject are always likely to be the most loudly expressed but they should not be taken as typical of public opinion. Many of us of all races here work quietly for the destruction of prejudice and misunderstanding and for the building-up of a happier social structure, of which the characteristic shall be co-operation and not domination.

Nairobi, Kenya. C. H. B. CLAYDON

[Kenya Settler" did furnish his name and address on writing to us.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

HOMELESS FAMILIES

SIR,—Wilfred Fienburgh has spotlighted a real human problem in his article on homeless people. And it is a problem that is becoming more immediate for a number of reasons. First, there seems to be a trend in the Courts favouring the owner; it is a comparatively simple matter now to establish "greater need." Secondly, Housing authorities, following the lead given by Macmillan, are busy derequisitioning property and thus reducing the amount of accommodation available in the form of Halfway Houses.

The problem is particularly acute in the Tory controlled "twilight" suburbs of London with their enormous housing lists. Here the evicted person finds himself in a void between the twin stools of the County Council and the local District Council; neither will accept the responsibility! Most of the District Councils now refuse to give "priority" to the evicted. The County Council argue (and they quote a Labour Minister of Health) that evicted persons do not come within the provisions of the National Assistance Act (eviction not being an unforeseen circumstance, such as fire or flood). It is, according to the County Council, a matter for the Housing Authority (outside London, the local District Council).

At a recent meeting of the Surrey County Council I moved a motion deploring the lack of amenities provided for evicted people. The Chairman of the Welfare Committee opposed it on the grounds quoted above, and among the overwhelming majority who voted against the motion, was the Chairman of the Housing Committee of Sutton and Cheam, an Authority which refuses to carry out its obligations to evicted people.

When families are finally thrown out into the street in Surrey, the wife and children are accommodated in an institution (often the Workhouse) under appalling conditions. Such institutions are often up to twenty miles from the home town and the husband therefore, has a long and expensive journey to visit his family under visiting regulations which approach those of a hospital in severity. I know of cases in Surrey where the stay has been as long as nine months. To suggest, as do the smug property-owning Tory Councillors, that these people should find accommodation themselves, is to fly in the face of facts. There is no rented accommodation available for couples with children, and houses at the £2,500 mark are out of reach of all but exceptional purses.

Many local authorities argue that many evictions are the result of coluvion for the purposes of jumping the housing queue; they give this as their justification for refusing to do anything for the evicted. But that is surely a matter for the Courts. Clearly, this is a matter needing more explicit national legislation, binding one authority or the other to make some provision for those thrown out of their homes due to no fault of their own. R. M. LEWIS

61 Stayton Road, Sutton, Surrey.

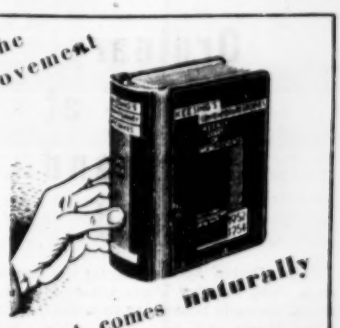
QUAKER DECISION

SIR,—I would like to express my appreciation of Mr. Trevor-Roper's excellent review of *The Journal of George Fox*. His understanding and obvious interest in the Quaker Movement tempts one to ask what sort of a challenge would be a satisfactory answer to his last paragraph where he says, "But who to-day, among that quiet and prosperous community, is likely to challenge, as boldly and eccentrically as George Fox, our *trahison des clercs*?" Would he consider our method of reaching an agreed decison, as against a majority decision, a sufficient challenge to warrant consideration? For instance, had the conference at Morecambe been organised on these lines, should we, as at present, be hearing so much about "splits," etc.? Further, is he aware that at a recent conference in Oxford about nine hundred Quakers *agreed* to issue the following statement to peoples everywhere? "The Christian faith, which we believe is the hope of our troubled world, is a revolutionary faith. It is rooted in inward experience, but wherever it is genuine, it leads to radical changes in the ways in which men live and act. We rejoice in the movements, appearing in many parts of the world at once, which are inspired by the desire for social justice, equal rights for all races and the dignity of the individual person. These changes can neither be achieved not prevented by war. War leads to a vicious circle of hatred, oppression, subversive movements, false propaganda, rearmament, and new wars. An armaments race cannot bring peace, freedom or security. We call upon peoples everywhere to break this vicious circle, to behave as nations with the same decency as they would behave as men and brothers, to substitute the institutions of peace for the institutions of war. Let us join together throughout the world to grow more food, to heal and prevent disease, to conserve and develop the resources of the good earth to the glory of God and the comfort of man's distress. These are among the tasks to which in humility for our share in the world's shame, and in faith in the power of love, we call our own Society and all men and nations everywhere."

This may not be as eccentric as some of George Fox's pronouncements but I would suggest that it is as bold and fully answers Trevor-Roper's query.

JAMES RILEY

Friends Meeting House,
Clifford Street, York.



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GERM WARFARE

SIR,—Mr. Hilton Young's reply to my letter, shows he is not wholly conversant with the statements made by the two American airmen describing their part in the dropping of germ bombs. If he were, I am sure he would not try to dismiss this entire aspect of the Chinese evidence by asserting that the airmen themselves have no proof that the "duds" were in fact germ bombs and that the whole thing is clearly a case of "a couple of overwrought junior officers, unnerved by Chinese propaganda, adding two and two to make five."

Taking John Quinn's statement alone, we read that when he was asked by Chinese and Korean reporters why he was so sure that the bombs he dropped on January the fourth and eleventh were germ bombs, he replied: "I was sure they were germ bombs because:—

"(a) The B-26 crews had a special briefing by group operations officer on December 31, where we were told from then on we should specially report to Intelligence Section at debriefing details of all duds dropped.

"(b) When I checked at the duty officers room at operations an hour before my flights on January 4 and 11, I was told to drop my wing bombs at a height of about 200 feet and an airspeed of 200 miles per hour.

"(c) When I pointed out to the duty officer, Captain Reynolds, that the plane would be blown to bits if we dropped 500-pound bombs from that altitude, he said not to worry as the bombs were duds and wouldn't explode.

"(d) When I went to the plane to check the bomb load, on each occasion it was guarded by guards who told the navigator and myself not to worry about the wing bombs as they had already been checked. Ordinarily there were no guards and the bombs were checked by the crew members.

"(e) I noticed the first time that four wing bombs; the second time two wing bombs, had no fuses and so they could not be ordinary bombs.

"(f) The germ bombs we dropped on January 4 and 11 corresponded exactly to one of those described by Ashfork (the civilian instructor) only two weeks previously.

"(g) In discussions with other pilots and navigators in the house where we lived, I found that several of them had been given so-called special missions and had even been told by the briefing officers that the duds are in fact—germ bombs."

Under such circumstances I think that even if Mr. Hilton Young himself were one of those airmen, he would need very little unnerving by Chinese propaganda before he too felt certain that he had been made partly responsible for a crime against humanity.

Parkstone, Dorset. COLIN T. SMITH

CHINESE ANSWERS

SIR,—The necessarily abbreviated account of one of the "Chinese answers" reported by Mr. Desmond Donnelly has given some readers the impression that the Chinese to whom the question was addressed in fact agreed that "young children were asked to spy on their parents and report etc." This was certainly not the impression carried away by those of us who were present during the conversation and I know this is not the impression Mr. Donnelly intended to convey.

Mr. Li reacted, we felt, in much the same way as we should have done had a similar question been put to us about our own children, and initial incomprehension gave way to indignation as he denied the existence of any such policy. Drawing the parallel between ourselves and the Nazis in wartime, however, he added that although he himself knew of no such case, it was quite possible that at some time members of a family had in fact reported "counter-revolutionary activity" within the family. It was in reply to the question "Does counter-revolutionary activity then still go on?" that we were told "Of course the possibility exists. The regime is only three years old. What do you expect etc. . . ."

This may seem a trivial point, but the idea of training young children to report on parents, so reminiscent of what we were told about the Nazis, is peculiarly abhorrent; and those of us present on this occasion found the reply honest and reassuring. IRENE BUCKMAN

Hampstead, N.W.3.

RENT RESTRICTIONS

SIR,—The point which seems to be almost consistently overlooked is that by no means all "controlled" rents are either low or uneconomic.

For various reasons, including purely local housing shortages caused by an influx of people seeking work and for whom no homes were available, it was possible to let property at inflated rents during the 1930s. These rents were controlled with the rest in 1939, at the existing figures, without any attempt to ensure that they were reasonable from the tenants' point of view.

I pay such a controlled rent, which is roughly three times what I would pay a local authority for the same accommodation. Even with to-day's high costs the landlord can well afford to keep the property in good repair. To be fair, he does so. But what justification can there be for asking tenants in my position to pay a penny more to anyone, landlord or local authority, when the existing rent gives the landlord a very handsome return on his investment?

Any scheme to revise controlled rents must avoid lumping all together as candidates for increases. Some form of evaluation should be devised, and only in those cases where the existing rent can be shown to be truly uneconomic should increases in any form be authorised. FLAT TENANT

LIFE BRICKS

SIR,—I am sorry to see the sensational speculation contained in Mr. Ritchie Calder's "Life Bricks," (*N.S. & N.*, October 4). But Mr. Calder might at least get his facts right. Pipecolinic acid is not a "new" amino acid that has "never been identified in nature," nor do the workers at the Brewing Industry Research Foundation claim it is. It was shown earlier this year, by American workers, to occur in beans; over a year ago Dr. R. I. Morrison, of the Macaulay Institute, isolated it from clover, identified it in a number of plants (and in a soil sample), and gave suggestive evidence for its more widespread occurrence. Dr. Morrison's paper was presented to the Biochemical Society in London on October 19, 1951.

HOWARD LEES

Department of Biological Chemistry,
Marischal College,
Aberdeen.

LOOKING FORWARD

SIR,—It was kind of Mr. Nicolson, in his review of the present exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery to suggest that my work should have been represented.

Some of your readers may have felt that this implied a criticism of Mr. Berger's selection, so I should like them to know that Mr. Berger did in fact invite me to exhibit and I was very sorry not to have anything to send him at the time. WILLIAM COLDSTREAM

8F Marlborough Mansions,
Cannon Hill N.W.6.

"UNDERPRIVILEGED"

SIR,—Margaret Kennedy may be right in holding that "underprivileged" is an inexact word; but she is surely wrong in contending that "poor" could be used in its place. If we say a man is "poor" we merely make a statement about his income: if we say he is "underprivileged" we are commenting on certain effects of his income—or, possibly, of his environment.

Poets, I daresay, will consent to leave "underprivileged" alone: but anyone who desires to suggest that certain groups of people are denied civilised amenities must continue to use a word to which, though there are objections, there is no obvious alternative. For the fact is that by "privilege" a writer generally does mean "amenity": good education and the background of a pleasant and amiable home being two of the most obvious amenities or privileges lacked by a great many people. "Deprived of proper amenities" might be more accurate, but it is hardly a tolerable substitute. Some horrid words do perform useful functions. EDWARD BLISHEN

1 Crescent West, Hadley Wood, Barnet.

PATRICK HASTINGS

SIR,—I am writing the authorised biography of the late Sir Patrick Hastings, Q.C., and would be grateful for any letters or other useful material concerning him.

Anything sent to me at the address below will be carefully handled, copied and returned.

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Books in General

THE neglect of Stendhal has been exaggerated and it was he who set the exaggeration going, with his talk of taking out a ticket in the lottery of fame to be drawn in a hundred years' time. Fobbed off with a consulship in Civita Vecchia and essentially a political exile, he groaned year after year in boredom, longed vainly for the talk of the salons and a decent fortune. In desperation he wrote masterpieces and grew fat and scabrous. Yet the fact is that he *was* famous as a novelist and as a person and he had in reality taken out two lottery tickets, not one: the second was his huge correspondence. It began, remarkably, with the publication of two volumes soon after his death, and since then volume after volume has been added and placed him in the highest rank of letter-writers in France.

The great writers are men and women who write all the time. They are the over-producers; there is compulsion to turn everything—not a few selected things—into words. Stendhal himself believed in the writing of all kinds of novels, biographies, essays, journalism, and his letters were not a careless holiday from his work, but a compelled continuation of it in another form. He took as much pains with his correspondence as he did with his books. His temperament, his sense of himself and of the world as something original, unique and new, to be looked at for the first time, led him to consider studiously the special way of expressing those things in life and in any kind of writing. Letters, for example, must be conversation:

> I cannot understand your silence, my dear Pauline. What can be the occupations that prevent you from writing to me? Dancing, I would suppose, were we not in Lent. But I'll wager one thing: you are thinking to yourself that you must carefully prepare your letter and make a rough draft of it. That's the stupidest folly that can possess one, for, to have a good epistolary style, one must write exactly what one would say to the person if one saw him, only being careful not to write down repetitions to which in conversation a tone of voice or gesture might give some value.

And the next letter—they were both written to his sister when he was 17—shows the theory in practice:

> I happen at this moment to be hidden beneath a desk in the course of a game of hide and seek, and unfortunately am so well hidden that for ten minutes I have been sought in vain: so I am taking the opportunity of conversing with you. How is the reading? Have you started on La Harpe? I recommend him to you all the more because grandpapa will explain everything you cannot understand. Are you still going to the nuns? I have no great idea of that. I would prefer it if you gave them up, like the stockings. Spend a lot of time cultivating your intelligence and leave manual work to human machines. . . .

Naturalness is one of the most desirable qualities in a human being, perhaps the most desirable; but one is not natural by nature. One has to learn. At the bottom of Stendhal's triumphantly natural letters is his basic doctrine: "it is by reading thoughtful works that one in turn discovers how to think and feel." A doctrine which, of course, his passion for the impulsive and unthoughtful Italians blows to pieces.

Stendhal put a grain of gunpowder into everything he wrote. His private writing alerts the reader, like a firework sent up in the dark:

> A shot. Twenty persons casting themselves on the ground all about me. The others hurled themselves against the walls; I was the only man left standing upright. A pretty girl of 18, her head almost under my boots. . . . A hundred and fifty soldiers were firing on the said rabble. I remember the adventure by reason of the superb colouring of the scene; the light was as pure as the eyes of Mlle de Be——.

or:

> Can one ever complain too loudly of not having been born with an income of 4000 francs

In a line the petulant, changeable egotist is lit up.

But if there is a firework in every one of Stendhal's letters we are made aware, afterwards, of the loneliness which gave him some of his effect and force. His immense correspondence, conducted by a man already busy as an army quarter-master in the Napoleonic armies, who had been to Moscow, who had hung about courts and salons and opera-houses, a continual traveller, an occasional archaeologist, a full time consul, journalist and novelist, could have been possible only to a man very much alone, even before the isolation of Civita Vecchia. There was no one worth talking to in the advance on Moscow; he stuffed his ears in order not to hear the banalities of the march. The letters to his sister Pauline, and to his mistresses, are written out of an isolation which, no doubt, he instinctively created for himself. Physically and metaphorically, Stendhal returns to the intolerable empty room; he has felt for most of his life the loneliness of the exile or the traveller when the lights go up in a foreign city, and the emptiness is like a hunger. It must be filled feverishly with words. In English literature there is the exact parallel of Henry James who, with a sudden horror of the world of art, said that to be prepared to stick out loneliness without compromise was the inexorable requirement made of the artist.

It is possible now to read a selection of Stendhal's *Letters*,* translated from the edition M. Emmanuel Boudot-Lamotte published a year or two ago in France. These *Letters* are well translated but M. Boudot-Lamotte's ardent oration looks rather odd in English. The collection itself is very good and widely chosen. It opens with the delightful Swift-Stella letters Stendhal began writing to his sister Pauline at an early age and which mark at once the vehemence and exhilaration of his break with his family, his religion and the bourgeois order in Grenoble. The power to break was, for Stendhal, the mark of the superior mind; it implied the total re-creation of personality. Stendhal came to regard the Revolution, the Napoleonic regime, the new bourgeois democracy which settled in, with caustic detachment. The real revolution—the egotist seems to convey—is himself. It has made Stendhal; that other Revolution merely produced new rich and shopkeepers. If one could ask Stendhal what the effect of the Revolution and Napoleonic wars was, his answer would be: they enabled one Stendhal to become a personal alternative to bourgeois society and a few happy people to become natural, intelligent, sensitive and noble. The Napoleonic idea of glory had been transmuted into the contemplation of the sublime moments of private life. It had also taught the bare, cold style which was to make every word deceptive, double and ironical; the Romantic who had hoped for everything, was obliged to make disillusion his nourishment and punished himself, in every dry, hard, brilliant line he wrote, with the sardonic realities of life. Behind his letters lies the division in his nature: the contented sceptical 18th century, the 19th century's feeling for energy. Italy provided an imaginary solution for the dilemma his hopes and his imagination were always caught in; its violent love stories, its love of immediate pleasure, its sense of the theatre, its double-minded quest of the superb moment and the cynical accommodation, intoxicated him with the notion that Renaissance man still existed.

The most interesting letters in this English selection are things like the brilliant accounts of his experiences in the burning of Moscow and the retreat; or the letters analysing the character of Byron and attacking Scott for betraying the cause of Liberty by accepting the rank of baronet. (The British, Stendhal complained, were obsessed with rank and religion.) The love letters are absorbing examples of the phases of that military art, for Stendhal is the Clausewitz of love. The study in what exactly is meant by impotence—in relation to his novel *Armance*—is an amusing piece of worldly writing. The key to Stendhal's kind of curiosity and his freshness—though he is a dry writer—lies in his continual requests to his sister and indeed to other women, to tell him what *they* think, what *they* do and not what the conventional opinion is. The inquiry is warm, flattering, persuasive, intimate—yet its unconcealed object is scientific. His letters, like his novels, seek the data which will provide food for reverie and contemplation—for him the highest functions of the soul.

Sardonic reverie very often. Let us look at the burning of Moscow. He goes through the area tortured by toothache and diarrhoea; the soldiers are either drunk or engaged in looting or beating their officers; there are interminable quarrels about billets. In the general confusion, large parties of the retiring army try to pass through the fire instead of making a detour round it. Many soldiers are roasted alive. Stendhal has to follow his own carriage on foot while his servant rides drunk and happy on top of the loot. And then the writer appears:

> We emerged from the city, which was lit by the finest conflagration the world has ever seen: it formed a huge pyramid which, like the prayers of the faithful, had its base on the earth and its peak in heaven. Above this atmosphere

* *To the Happy Few. Selected Letters by Stendhal.* Edited by EMMANUEL BOUDOT-LAMOTTE. Translated by NORMAN CAMERON. *Lehmann.* 21s.

of flame and smoke there was bright moonlight. It was an imposing spectacle but in order to enjoy it one would have had to be alone, or with intelligent people. What has spoiled the Russian campaign for me is the fact that I have taken part in it in the company of people who would have caused the Coliseum and the sea of Naples to dwindle.

The retreat to Smolensk is set out with caustic restraint. It all ends with the self-observation of the psychologist and a lie :

> When I endure such things by myself, I fall under the sway of their romantic quality, and can take an interest in them. But the presence of my brothers-in-arms makes my knees turn to water. On the whole, it was a detestable life, worse than what I suffered in Spain. . . .

He had never been to Spain.

"The brute is original: the gods made him so." For reasons which go back to the history of his childhood, he had lopped off half of his nature. The sublimity of the heart is so often mentioned that we begin to notice the lack of its ordinary warmth. We are never sure that Stendhal did really create a new personality; he may be merely acting one. The doctrine of egotism seems to be that the only life-enhancing acts are the self-regarding ones. We sometimes find Stendhal over-trained and schematic, and so annoying are his vanity and his love of the preposterous that we may miss the irony which really encases every phrase. Only the love letters to his sister, to Mélanie the actress he loved when he was very young, and to a mistress of his middle age who left him to get married, really move the reader. The others strike one as being military exercises in the natural expression of the sentiments; what Stendhal meant by "naturalness" was an explicitness which is not always part of nature. But one goes to him for conversation, for the continual change of subject, the anecdote—how the murderers confess to him in Rome, how a woman expects to be killed by her jealous husband but still visits her lover, how Byron's uncertain pride had to be managed, what is the secret gnawing at the hearts of Englishmen. It is "a secret *principle of unhappiness*. I believe that in a given situation an Englishman is more unhappy than an Italian or a German. And, above all, the English are made unhappy by small misfortunes such as people more luckily born forget within a quarter of an hour. What is the reason for this? A great problem. Religion perhaps." It was odd that he took from the unhappy English his own dedication of his work: "To the Happy Few".

V. S. PRITCHETT

THYESTES

Brush of a raven's not an eagle's wing!
No wonder older classicists could wish
For something more cathartic than this king
Who spooned his baked-meat children from a dish.

With Jung and Frazer, Tylor, Graves, and Lang,
The scholiast can wash the blood away;
But what's the use? The savage poets sang
Enormities that happen every day.

No talons raven in a titan's gut
When dreadful fathers of a fortnight's date
Are drowning kittens in a water-butt.
But see, a baby's finger in the plate!

DONALD DAVIE

THE SOVIET UNION

Visa to Moscow. By MICHEL GORDEY. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

The Soviet Union To-day. By S. M. MANTON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Soviet Union is no mystery, no enigma. Our main difficulty in understanding it is our habitual assumption of a quite unreal correlation of national qualities; we create categories of good and bad and imagine that nations that are politically friendly are "good" in their internal habits while hostile nations must be badly governed and full of corruption. These assumptions are not always correct. Many workers, for instance, are perplexed by what they read of the Soviet Union, since it does not occur to them that things they regard as evil can really exist side by side with Socialist institutions. It is no bad test of political literacy to be able to accept the following propositions, all of which I think are demonstrably true, and draw from them wise practical conclusions.

(1) The average standard of living in the U.S.S.R. is much lower than that of many western countries, but it is much higher than it was under Tsardom, and has improved, and is improving rapidly, since the war.

(2) In Moscow and to a less extent in other big cities there is a very general sense of well-being; though overcrowding is still by our standards shocking, the pace of rebuilding is spectacular, the standard of entertainment, especially in theatre and ballet, far the best in the world, and peaceful life every day more attractive.

(3) Development and construction, irrigation and scientific agriculture, are transforming vast, hitherto desert areas of Asia with staggering speed.

(4) The ordinary Soviet citizen is not conscious of lack of liberty. He is prepared to leave politics and economics to the government, though in his factory and workshop he has outlets of complaint against inefficiency or stupidity of management.

(5) The courts and police are, for non-political affairs, more popular and common-sensical than ours and not at all repressive.

(6) When politics or the power or prestige of the Communist Party are involved there is in effect no law. No citizen dreams of questioning the arbitrary authority of the political police nor does he know anything of torture used to extract confessions nor of the unknown number of persons living and dying in savage conditions in Siberian camps. Theoretically these are for "corrective labour." They vary greatly. Some persons exiled or imprisoned return; most do not.

(7) In general, life grows more civilised in Russia and there is a constant and increasingly successful emphasis on "cultural" conduct, *i.e.*, on good manners, neighbourliness and what we should describe as middle-class behaviour. This is taught deliberately through art, films, literature and schools in a way that is very similar (though much more intensive) to the moral and mental conditioning prevalent in England during the early Victorian period. It applies to everything from sex to respect for authority. Stalin-worship goes, however, to extravagant lengths: it includes, as it were, all the unquestioning devotion and patriotism accorded in this country to King, Country, the Navy, the Flag, the Guards, the Empire and the rest of it. Stalin in short is the symbol of national self-confidence, of victory, of unity, prosperity and of present and future greatness.

(8) The standard of education in the Soviet Union is now very high. Technical achievement is remarkable and the sale and circulation of non-technical, serious literature of many types is quite unprecedented in history. There is no obvious censorship, but no book criticising Russia is likely to be found; no book or pamphlet by any of the great, purged, Marxists who were once the orthodox interpreters of Communism can be bought; no up-to-date account of what is happening in the West is read. Thus the intensely active minds of young Russians are fully occupied and a fantastic picture of the West as entirely hostile, decadent, malicious and verging on economic ruin is implanted in every mind. So securely planted is this picture by schools and newspapers and radio that the Soviet citizen is no longer in danger of believing any westerner, however friendly, who attempts in any way to break or disarrange the standard pattern of belief. This pattern is to-day at least as much national as it is Communist.

(9) Russians suffered more in the war than the people of any other country except, perhaps, Poland and Yugoslavia. Most of the building construction for which the Soviet citizen had so terribly tightened his belt for ten years before the war was wiped out. The number of Russian dead is officially estimated as between fifteen and twenty millions. No propaganda is necessary to make the Soviet citizen anxious for peace. Nothing is spared to make him believe that Russia will never under any circumstances start a war. Nothing is spared to make him fear that the Americans and their satellites want to make war on the U.S.S.R. If war came every Russian would believe, whatever the circumstances, that the Americans began it and would fight ruthlessly, unhesitatingly, hopefully, bitterly, but in the conviction that he and his government were blameless, that the Imperialists had to be destroyed in order that the new Socialist world might finally develop in peace.

(10) The rulers of Russia do not intend to invade any other country or, if they can avoid it, become involved in another war. In this sense Russia is profoundly peaceful. They believe they are likely to be attacked and that there can never be any security until all the world is Communist after the Moscow pattern. They will support any Communist movement that shows signs of being able to disrupt the capitalist economy of any country and they will play a hand, when they can do so safely, in disrupting relations within and among neighbouring countries. No longer fearing encirclement since the victory of Communism in China, they seek to build a self-sufficient and prosperous Socialist half of the world from Vladivostock and Peking to the Oder and the Mediterranean. They are unlikely to want more than cold peace with the capitalist West. They dread war; they hope for bad relations peacefully sustained.

All these propositions can be supported from innumerable sources; the two books listed above provide much up-to-date evidence. Dr. Manton is a British zoologist of distinction, obviously sincere, and impressive when describing the gigantic schemes of development she has seen in Central Asia. She is not politically minded; she seems not, for instance, to have realised that the anger raised by the Lysenko affair was not due to the Soviet assertion of a doctrine that contradicted what most western scientists believed to be the truth—in which they may be wrong for all I know—but to the assumption, once a pro-Lysenko vote was taken, that all non-Lysenko-ites were counter-revolutionaries, and to the belief that scientists who opposed Lysenko were unable to practise their profession, purged, exiled or perhaps killed. I wish she had made inquiries about this. Politically she is innocent enough to say that people are not arbitrarily arrested in Russia; in short, she does not distinguish between ordinary and political justice. Her general description of the country would have been more interesting if she differentiated between what she saw from what she was told. The interest of her book lies in the evidence she provides that science can provide an answer to the dilemma put by Professor A. V. Hill at this year's meeting of the British Association. It may even be possible so rapidly to develop the vast backward areas of the world that the standard of living may withstand the pressure of population and so speedily to improve education that the people themselves solve the Malthusian riddle.

M. Gordey's book is one of the most interesting I have ever read about the U.S.S.R. A Russian-speaking Frenchman with a keen eye for facts and no vestige of an axe to grind, he received, to his surprise, a visa to the U.S.S.R. and, though the correspondent of a French commercial newspaper, was allowed freely to wander in Moscow and, under careful surveillance, to see very much beyond it. For some unknown reason he was not allowed to see any collective farm. He was there long enough to listen to many conversations which were not intended for the foreigner. When he was recognised as a foreigner no unauthorised person would speak to him, except occasionally in a railway train. But because he understood Russian he is able to give an extraordinarily vivid, often happy and always convincing picture of the lives of ordinary people, of the chatter of women shopping and of the classless and unrestrained jollity of a Russian party, starting spontaneously in a public restaurant.

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RUPERT HART-DAVIS

CECILE

Benjamin Constant

It had long been known that Constant had written another autobiographical novel, designed as a sequel to his masterpiece *Adolphe*, but it was only quite recently that the manuscript was discovered in France. The publication of *Cécile*, in this first English translation by Norman Cameron, is an event of considerable literary importance; it is a work of absorbing interest and a superb example of that power of keen and lucid analysis so characteristic of the French genius. *Just out.* 9s.

TO THE HAPPY FEW

Stendhal

"These enchanting letters" (*Observer*) will "give great pleasure to all Stendhalians" (*John O' London's*). Stendhal has the power of "giving a constant intellectual excitement to his devotees" (*Listener*) and all readers will find this "a book of inexhaustible fascination" (*Scotsman*). The "excellent translation" (*D. Mail*) is by Norman Cameron. 21s.

JOHN LEHMANN

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new fiction

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Michael Joseph, a great cat-lover, edits this collection of the best writing on cats, from Paul Gallico (*When in Doubt—Wash!*) to T. S. Eliot (*The Addressing of Cats*).
With 19 drawings by Eileen Mayo. 12/6

Tracy's Tiger WILLIAM SAROYAN

'Saroyan's best book since *Flying Trapeze* days.'—*New York Times. With drawings.* 10/6

FABER BOOKS

The picture presented is of generally satisfied people absolutely conforming to a conditioned pattern of thought. M. Gordey describes the frustration of conversations with his guide who "knew" from *Pravda* that no woman in the West could practise a profession, that France was a Fascist or nearly Fascist country, that the workers would rise against their tyrants who starved them if there were a war. Nothing is more telling than his account of the gloom in Moscow when the newspapers carried news of an American plane being brought down over Soviet territory. What could this mean but war? "Why don't you leave us alone?" If they did not want war why should a plane be over Soviet territory? And when M. Gordey tried to explain that this incident did not mean war, that there was a complex international situation, they merely shook their heads, dismissing all such nonsense. Did they not *know* that outside there were only American warmongers and Communist peace-makers?

M. Gordey has innumerable interesting things to tell us. None of them surprises a student of the U.S.S.R. except in the sense that it is surprising to have one's picture suddenly lit up and filled in with vivid, first-hand and obviously authentic examples. M. Gordey, for instance, really wandered about the new, splendid Moscow and wandered so far that he found parts of old slum Moscow; he noted with an observant eye those who were reading books on the buses, how large a proportion they made in comparison with the magazine-reading Western public; the really surprisingly high standard of literature they were reading and the books he could buy in second-hand shops. In one he found a book he had long wanted and bought it after the bookseller neatly cut out the introductory pages written by one of the purged heretics of the not-so-distant past! He studied the education system and learnt that it combined much that was advanced with a teaching of history so extreme in its nationalism, so menacing in its picture of other countries that it made our own, or even the German, phase of imperialism pale in comparison. It is apparently taken for granted by every Soviet citizen that Russians invented aircraft and penicillin and that Ivan the Terrible was a "progressive" character.

The one conclusion we must reach, whatever we read about the U.S.S.R. to-day, is M. Gordey's conclusion—that we must live alongside two hundred millions of people whose ideas of us are deliberately prejudiced and distorted. The best chance of avoiding war is ourselves to see this other half of the world more clearly than it is permitted to see us. To this I would add that we must use the time ahead of us to change ourselves lest all the backward people of the world are confirmed in the Russian view that only Communism can bring progress and make the world a happier one for common people.

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THE PATRON AND THE POET

Francis Thompson and Wilfrid Meynell. By VIOLA MEYNELL. *Hollis & Carter.* 18*s.*

The relation between Francis Thompson and Wilfrid Meynell was possibly unique. As Viola Meynell says: "They met strangely, lived differently and were peculiarly and fatefully united." Born after her father had co-opted the poet into the family, Viola Meynell is in an ideal position to make a study of both men. She has done so with great skill and penetration and with a modesty which seems unaware of how much perception has gone into these portraits. They are built up mainly from the two men's letters to each other and to common friends, from extracts from notebooks and diaries, from criticisms and quotations. All these cross-lights throw the two main figures into strong relief and, incidentally, give a vivid picture of the literary and journalistic life of London at the turn of the century.

The relation between patron and patronized is seldom a happy one for long, yet Francis Thompson and Wilfrid Meynell kept up their unbroken and almost unclouded friendship for nineteen years and the poet died with his hand in the patron's. Temperamentally, no two men could have been more unlike: Meynell brisk, lively, formidably and facilely industrious, gregarious and optimistic; Thompson solitary, shy, totally unworldly, fantastically impractical and living entirely inwardly. Meynell appreciated Thompson; he understood his poetry by a kind of passionate intuition but there never was, and never could be, the communication between them that there was between Thompson and Coventry Patmore—"the only man with whom I can talk at all." Yet the connection between them was deep. Meynell was generous of time and trouble; he gave what he had to give and, being humble himself, did not humiliate the other. Thompson had the still rarer quality of accepting generously and without resentment. But Meynell's real gift to Thompson was a collection of human beings; an entire family to love. The love could never be requited on the scale it was given, but it was Thompson's destiny, as he knew early in his extraordinary life, to be always the lover and never the beloved. What he received from Meynell was the stimulus he needed to work; what he gave Meynell was the work itself, which satisfied a deep and unsuspected need of his friend. And no one would have been more surprised or delighted than Thompson to have known that his poems even enriched Meynell materially after his death.

For anyone who cares at all for Francis Thompson's mind and spirit, and who is not put off by his mannerisms (are they, after all, any more exasperating than those of Hopkins?) this is an important book. It gives an insight into the breadth and depth of his intellectual and spiritual preoccupations and conveys his extraordinary single-mindedness and nobility of nature. Humanly speaking, he was a failure. Only very rarely could he communicate with other human beings. He loved his friends and would cheerfully have given his life for them, but in daily contacts he was a supreme, a monumental bore. Yet he was as completely at home in the spiritual world as Meynell was in the bustling activities of literary journalism, publishing, printing and patriarchal family life. It would be wrong to call Meynell worldly, but Thompson literally lived, as Blake did, in another spiritual dimension. As he said of "even his best disposed" critics: "That I should . . . actually and in naked fact believe—that I should have a pregnant and familiar sense of a world within the world seen of eye and touched of hand seems to them . . . patently untenable."

From the glimpses Viola Meynell gives us of his notebooks, as revealing and fascinating as Keats's letters, one hopes that some day they will be published in their entirety. Thompson's reading was immense and all absorbed and transmuted into himself. It is this vast richness and complexity of image and allusion which make his poetry forbidding to many. But the notebooks evidently reveal the depths of which the poems are only the splendid, but flawed outcrop. Whatever his own shortcomings, Francis Thompson had a magnificent vision of the function of poetry. He conceived it as nothing less than "to see and restore the divine idea of things freed from the disfiguring accidents of their Fall."

ANTONIA WHITE

THREE CONTEMPORARY THINKERS

Gravity and Grace. By SIMONE WEIL. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

Right and Wrong. By MARTIN BUBER. *S.C.M. Press.* 6*s.*

The Realm of Spirit and the Realm of Caesar. By N. BERDYAEV. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

At the worst the fanatic is interesting, whereas the megalomaniac is always tedious. Simone Weil was undoubtedly one or the other. We get a revealing glimpse of what she was like in life from M. Gustav Thibon's rather pompous introduction to *Gravity and Grace.* "She went on arguing *ad infinitum* in an inexorably monotonous voice." She sounds the perfect megalomaniac, and then, opening the book at random, one comes up against:

> Only drama without movement is truly beautiful. Shakespeare's tragedies are second-class with the exception of *Lear.* Those of Racine, third-class except for *Phèdre.* Those of Corneille of the *n*th class.

The stupidest remark ever made? Then one turns to the first page of these selections from her dozen thick notebooks and one reads,

> All the *natural* movements of the soul are controlled by laws analogous to those of physical gravity. Grace is the only exception.
>
> *Lear,* a tragedy of gravity . . . . .

With this, and the series of paradoxical insights which follow under such headings as Void and Compensation, Detachment, Decreation, Evil, the Distance Between the Necessary and the Good, initial anger is quickly absorbed by excitement and perplexity. One soon becomes conscious that one is in touch with a mind of the keenest and most audacious brilliance. She was, one feels, a fanatic, for she conveys the profound impression of having lived her vision. Hence, she is never less than interesting and on the most difficult moral questions marvellously, ruthlessly rewarding. Even her typically paradoxical remark about drama makes some sense when it is considered within the special sphere of her thought.

Expounding this, M. Thibon points out that she extends the determinism of Descartes and Spinoza to all natural phenomena, including the facts of psychology. For her, only grace could check the great human wheel from rolling down the hill of gravity. How did she imagine this grace was attained? I can find here no specific answer, but her implicit answer is, perhaps, by "attention." Certainly, the deep significance she gives to that word is her most fruitful insight.

The poet produces the beautiful by fixing his attention on something real. It is the same with

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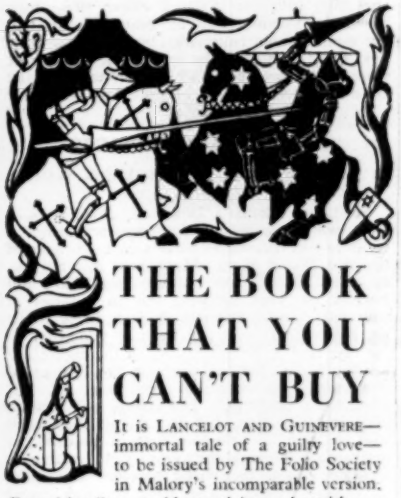

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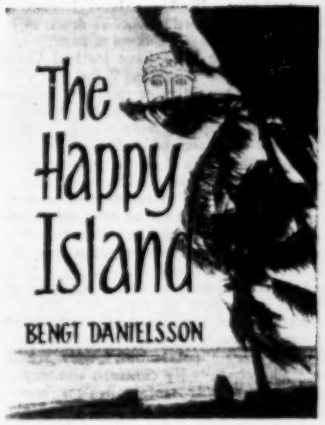

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the act of love. To know that this man who is hungry and thirsty really exists as much as I do—that is enough, the rest follows of itself.

One sees how she must have loathed Corneille, because isn't this "attention" just the opposite of will in the Corneillian or modern existentialist sense? It is a waiting, a holding-back, a self-effacement, a discipline, from which "the rest" mysteriously "follows of itself."

Professor Buber is, I think, getting at something rather similar in *Right and Wrong*. For both of them the big moral distinction is not in fact right and wrong at all, or even good and evil, but subjectively speaking, the real and the illusory. He derives his conception from a line by line interpretation of Psalms 12, 14, 82, 73 and 1. Placed in this sequence, the five sacred poems represent, according to him, the stages of a personal spiritual development in which one of the great revelations is that the bad do not truly exist, their way "peters out," they are in the poem "like chaff." By contrast, the way of the right-doer, the truly real man, "is known by God." "Known," in this instance, signifies not a mere perceiving of the object, "but contact of being, intercourse." (Here we are back to the theme of that obscure, stimulating little book *I And Thou*, with which many years ago Professor Buber made his name). I fear that, in the present case I cannot discover as much contemporary relevance in these five Psalms as he does, but his repeated emphasis on the difference between abstract and actual knowing in the realm of moral relations is, undoubtedly, in our vicarious age, of the highest importance.

Berdyaev's ceaseless fight against the evil of "objectivation," against the pseudo-realities produced by collectivism, has, obviously, something in common with the main drifts of Professor Buber and Simone Weil: but unlike either of their books his is passionately concerned with the outer moral problem, the problem of man in society, of technology, of organisation and the community. Though one earlier manuscript awaits publication, *The Realm of Spirit and the Realm of Caesar* is his last work and his remaining store of ammunition is rattled out here at terrific speed. (Mr. Donald Lowrie, the translator, and a group of Berdyaev's friends have done their bold best with the unrevised manuscript.) Never before, perhaps, has Marxism been put under such concentrated accurate high-pressure fire. Never can a fuming, prophetic onslaught against the monistic authority of the state have been uttered more opportunely. "The final victory," he thunders, "of spirit over Caesar is possible only in the eschatological perspective." But either that perspective is quite imaginary, or what on earth he means by this great crescendo is far from clear. ANTHONY CURTIS

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IN THE BARRENS

People of the Deer. By FARLEY MOWAT. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

In 1935 a boy of fifteen looked out of the train window on the line from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill in Hudson's Bay; there, across the track, flowed a great brown river a quarter of a mile wide—not of water, but of caribou: the annual migration which the first French explorers had called *la Foule*. From that moment he was infected with the Arctic fever; and it was this disease of the imagination that brought him back to the Barren Lands in 1947. He was dropped by aeroplane on a frozen lake near an abandoned trading-post, whose single shack, said to be occasionally visited by a half-breed, had been dimly seen from above through a break in the clouds. Then the plane flew back the 350 miles to Churchill, and Farley Mowat was left alone by the shack. In two days the half-breed Franz turned up; after a tense and uneasy first encounter, he poured out the story of his life to the first listener he had had for years. That summer Mr. Mowat lived and travelled with Franz, and made his first contacts with the Eskimos of the Barrens, the Ihalmiut, before canoeing back to Churchill. Next year, with a zoologist companion, he came back to learn the language of the Ihalmiut, study the deer, and follow their migration north to Angkuni Lake.

Such was the plain record of Mr. Mowat's travels; what raises his book well above the level of plain records, however freshly written, is his power of grasping the underlying pattern of life in the Barrens as well as enduring its physical rigours. He noticed how, as the deer swept over the isthmus by Angkuni, other life came too, with the ravens, gyrfalcons and gulls wheeling and swooping round the herd, the wolves and silver foxes barking on the outskirts. The new light in the face of the Eskimo Ohoto

> was not simply due to the prospect of gorging on meat. Rather it was as if the endless lines of the deer imparted to Ohoto something of their own immeasurable vitality. It was borne in on me again that the affinity between the Ihalmiut and the deer was more than a merely physical tie.

By living with this tribe, and learning their language, he came to piece together their side of the history which he had learnt in part from official statistics and reports. It was terribly simple. While the Ihalmiut lived on the deer—which gave them their food, clothes and shelter, for their tents were deerskin—they survived. When traders persuaded them to trap foxes, and trade the furs for flour, sugar and baking-powder, they perished. For the traders would disappear as suddenly as they had come, the fur-laden Eskimo would find no flour at the empty trading-post, nor, his ways having been changed, would he have stored meat against the winter.

So there is an undercurrent of anger throughout the narrative which swells in the last chapter to a considered denunciation of official policy towards the Ihalmiut. The Canadian Government has at moments been kind; but kindness alone, not backed by full understanding, may have disastrous results. There were only a few families of Ihalmiut in 1948; there are probably fewer to-day; but in his white-heat of feeling Mr. Mowat persuades us that it is not just a question of a tiny minority having a raw deal, but of men tragically misunderstanding their fellow-men and, through them, the forces of life itself—a lesson of far wider application than in the Barrens. Mr. Mowat is practical: he suggests measures, he can point to the Greenland Eskimos as an example of how a primitive race can be encouraged to develop along lines in harmony with their natures and the land they live in. But this can never be done by persons "whose interests in the land were measured in dollars and cents."

Mr. Mowat impresses us, in the last instance, because he has a poet's as well as an ecologist's grasp of the connection between a landscape and the life in it. The Mountie whom he once asked about the Barrens was prompt in his reaction: "That damn and bloody space—it just goes on and on until it makes you want to cry, or scream—or cut your own damn throat." Mr. Mowat makes us see it in different terms: the huddle of tents, the mounds of bleached bones and antlers, the brown river of deer, the line of the Inukok stretching into the distance—those stone men whom the Ihalmiut traveller built as he passed, not signposts, nor landmarks, but "the guardians who stolidly resisted the impalpable menace of space uncircumscribed, which can unhinge the finite minds of men." JANET ADAM SMITH

HITLER'S ACCOMPLICES

In the Nazi Era. By SIR LEWIS NAMIER. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Lewis Namier's *Diplomatic Prelude 1938-1939* was a model of contemporary history; we have still nothing so perfect on the origins of the first World War. Much new material has appeared since it was published in 1948; and Namier has kept up with this in a series of collected essays. His new book is likely to be the last on this theme: he has now gone back to his first love of British history in the eighteenth century and is hard at work on the History of Parliament. He makes a noble farewell. His writing is masterly. Meticulous scholarship, deep understanding, and an easy style leavened with wit, put this new book high in the canon of his works. Though the essays were written as separate pieces, they hang together and make an organic whole. The book revolves round the question—why did men allow Hitler to succeed?

The first part, called "men who served Hitler," examines the case of the respectable classes in Germany—generals and diplomatists—who have been eager since the war to express their dislike of Hitler and even to peddle the story of their "plots" against him. Namier explodes their apologies. He shows that, even when they disagreed with Hitler's methods, they applauded his aims. They, too, wished to destroy Poland; only they hoped that the Western Powers would deliver her up to them on a platter. Nor were they opposed to Russia. Namier says rightly: "Negotiations with the Germans would not have established a German bulwark against Russia, but would have re-established a Russian-German alliance, and resulted in their common domination of the Continent under Soviet leadership." The only objection which the generals and diplomatists had against Hitler was their fear that he might fail. When he succeeded, they were silenced.

In the second part Namier turns to the rulers of the Western Powers, particularly of this country, and discusses their policy, or lack of it, during the Austrian and Czech crises in 1938. He destroys at the outset their moral case that Benes was unreasonable or obstinate. On the contrary, Benes tried to meet every German grievance and sought good relations with her. "Some day Benes will, perhaps, be remembered as the man who tried to survive by being reasonable (and plausible) in an age when reason had ceased to count: a Victorian in twentieth-century Central Europe." Something the same is true of those who decided British policy—Nevile

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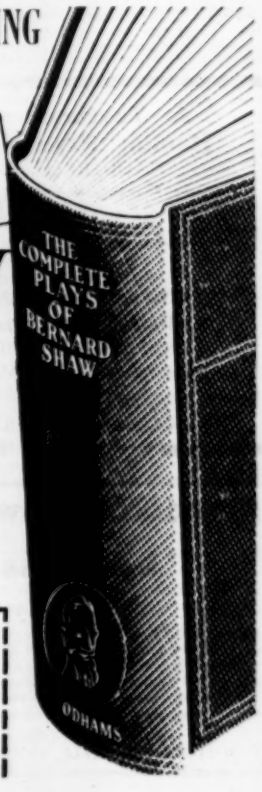

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Henderson and Runciman, Chamberlain and Lord Halifax. Attempts have been made to justify them. They were weighed down, it is said, by the deficiencies in British armaments; or they planned to turn German expansion eastwards. Little of this is to be found in the published record. There was no long-term policy, no calculation of strength, only—in Namier's words—"surrender to danger." British statesmen, in their longing for peace and quiet, threw policies and allies overboard helter-skelter without thought of the morrow. Nor were they alone. Even Roosevelt wrote of the Munich settlement: "I am not a bit upset over the final result."

The mistakes of the Thirties got us where we are. Nowadays it is supposed that we can avoid new mistakes simply by doing the opposite of what we did then—friendship with respectable Germans, great armaments, a water-tight fighting alliance. In reality, new situations produce new mistakes, not a repetition of the old ones. But at least we can analyse the cause of past mistakes and so destroy the legends about them that are already growing up. A. J. P. TAYLOR

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Sidney Godolphin, who under the title of Lord Treasurer was in effect Prime Minister during eight years of Queen Anne's reign, has never been allotted much importance by historians. "Few statesmen in so conspicuous a position have left so feeble a personal impression upon politics" was Leslie Stephen's opinion of him; and that Victorian verdict is unlikely to be upset by this new full-length biography. If anything, it stands confirmed. As a scholar, Sir Tresham Lever must bow to the established facts: his diligent researches into the first-hand material extant have failed to uncover anything remarkable or unexpected about Godolphin.

Of course, Godolphin was not a complete nonentity: he could never have risen from an insignificant page at the Court of Charles II to his subsequent high position without at least some talent to compensate for the lack of family influence. But his talents were of the unspectacular, accommodating kind that produce a reliable henchman rather than a bold leader.

In party politics steadily he refused to take sides with Whig or Tory; he was ready to run the Treasury for either. He was immune to the religious intolerance which drove his contemporaries frantic. In an age of corruption, he was not to be bribed, although he did not scruple to bribe others in a good cause. (Sir Tresham Lever gives particulars of the amounts secretly distributed by him to various Scottish noblemen in order to obtain their signature to the Act of Union.) Nor did he go in for speculation in the traditional manner: he left the Treasury no richer than when he first went there. All in all, he was the dependable type of civil servant who could be relied upon to do his best, whoever gave the orders from above. And so, no doubt, he would have been content to remain a comparative underling had not fate thrown him into the arms of the Marlboroughs, with whom he became inseparably linked when his only son married the Duke's eldest daughter in 1698. Four years later, when Queen Anne came to the throne, the Duke and Duchess installed him as Lord Treasurer, under the primary obligation to raise money for the Duke's campaigns on the Continent. Godolphin had first been appointed to the Treasury in 1679, and had served there off and on under James II and William III. The City of London had confidence in him; and the Lord Treasurer was thus able to float the enormous war loans required at a comparatively low rate of interest. When Queen Anne summarily dismissed him in 1710, the slump in the funds that followed was a silent testimonial to his financial ability. Two years after his disgrace he died at the age of sixty-seven; hardly "the best man who ever lived," as the Duchess of Marlborough thought him, but certainly an honester public servant than any of his more brilliant colleagues.

Godolphin's honesty, however, was not proof against Jacobite intrigue. He had been loyal to James II to the last in 1689; and during the uncertainties of William's reign, like many of his fellows, he took out a reinsurance policy by being polite and encouraging to any Jacobite emissaries who called on him. On one occasion he even vouchsafed important information, which may have led to the failure of Tollemache's expedition in Brest in 1694—"a shameful charge of treason," according to Sir Tresham Lever, who takes great pains to deny it. Treason is a big word, and hardly applicable to the ambivalent state of mind so common among Englishmen in William's reign, who regarded having a foot in both camps as the logical position for any sensible man. But as regards the Brest expedition, Sir Tresham exonerates Godolphin too generously. Any reader who likes detective work can form his own conclusion from the available evidence, which Sir Tresham quotes conscientiously enough but endeavours to distort.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

AN EVADED PROBLEM

Society and the Homosexual. By GORDON WESTWOOD. *Gollancz*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

For years Dr. Edward Glover has been saying what he repeats in his brilliant Introduction to this book—that the greatest obstacle to an objective understanding of sex problems is the moral prejudice of the observer, taking many forms but having one origin:

> Whether it manifests itself in the obtuseness of the scientist, in gales of music-hall laughter, in the harsh disapproval of the sexually-inhibited "hearty", or in the more pious reprobation of the moral philistine, the common prejudice regarding homosexuality can be traced to a common cause, namely the tendency of the average man to castigate in others the impulses that lie hidden in his own unconscious mind.

Of all these manifestations, it is the "pious reprobation" that has always sustained the appropriate law in this country, from the ecclesiastical canon that was based on *Leviticus xviii*, 2, to the Offences Against the Person Act, 1861. Moral philistinism is, however, a phrase which could be used to describe the legal attitude of the Anglo-Saxon countries generally. And to those who say that sympathy with the congenital invert, however genuine and uneasy it may be, can never be reflected in the law, Mr. Westwood can reply that in most of those countries with penal systems based on the Code Napoléon (France, Switzerland, Egypt, China), and some American States, homosexuality between consenting adults is totally ignored by the law—without social disaster.

The purpose of Mr. Westwood's sincerely objective book is to encourage research, the more careful upbringing of children, frank discussion, and reform of the criminal law. The problem is largely ignored by the general public, he says, in a summary of his own conclusions:

> When the subject is unavoidable, ignorance and invective make it almost impossible to discuss it without emotion. The incidence of homosexuality is far greater than has been recognised hitherto. Nearly all men have a homosexual component in their make-up. There is no sharp dividing line between a homosexual and a heterosexual; instead, there is a kind of sexual balance, and a man may be at any point between the two extremes.

Punishment and persecution have left the problem unsolved. (In this country, where the maximum penalty is life imprisonment, it is at least recognised that the law is more concerned to hide the offender than to punish him, and not at all to reform or cure him.) Will-power and self-control involve the bottling-up of powerful drives which can lead to the break-out of a sudden impulse, possibly taking the form of a criminal act. It is the conscientious and religious man who usually tries to control himself in this way; the result being that some of our best citizens, "trying to fight their bewildering tendencies on their own," are often disgraced and ostracised by the community. This is a deeply humanitarian and moving book.

C. H. ROLPH

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NEW NOVELS

The Skin. By CURZIO MALAPARTE. *Alvin Redman.* 15*s.*

Recollection of a Journey. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

The Mask of a Lion. By A. T. W. SIMEONS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Catherine Wheel. By JEAN STAFFORD. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Human Agony Book Club, which, it may be remembered, made Mr. Remarque's concentration camp offering *Spark of Life* its September Choice, enthusiastically chooses *The Skin* for your October Human Agony reading. What with the crucifixion scene, the vivisection incident, and the bit where the man falls under the tank, we feel confident that Signor Malaparte is gunna roll 'em in the aisles. In fact he's already done so in their hundreds of thousands, all round Europe. This book has everything which our members relish—all the blatancy, the blinding vulgarity, the nastiness, and the tough, soft-centred, ah-the-pity-of-it-all sentimentality. The scene of our choice is set in Italy, and the time is before, and around, the taking of Rome by the allied armies. In Naples, Signor Malaparte's Neapolitans—he writes of them rather as though he owned them—are suffering the indignities of defeat and occupation. There is hunger and misery of every kind; children are on offer in the streets. Through this scene of degradation moves Signor Malaparte in the role of shopwalker. The role of customer is supplied by the American characters who, with their backwood innocence and depth of feeling, are both worshipped and exploited by the conquered. There is no plot to this book. When the author, who appears under his own name, is at a loss for something to write about in Italy, he reminisces about his experiences in Russia. It is here that the crucifixion scene comes in.

It is important to get it clear why such books as this are objectionable. They are objectionable not because they deal with horror and degradation, for torture and the prostitution of children are all proper subjects for the artist. They are objectionable not because they are not nice books, but because they are not terrible books. In dealing with the terrible they are, at bottom, facile; they merely accustom us to it. No writer is obliged to write about crucified Jews; before he does so, he ought to ask himself whether he feels deeply enough to be entitled to do so. Most writers, like most other people, do not feel deeply enough, for the reason that they do not have such depth of feeling. We all lack imagination and we are all troubled by this, troubled and guilty because, when faced with cosmic suffering, we do not feel so much as we should if we saw a child's finger crushed by a railway door. Books like *The Skin* are popular because they assuage this guilt, make us feel that we are not after all passing by on the other side; in fact, they teach us only to pass by, in Divisional strength, in the middle of the road.

Recollection of a Journey, described in the blurb as being about the way in which, in 1940, "hundreds of thousands of Poles of all ages were herded and driven like cattle into the wastes of Siberia," might well appear to be an Alternate Choice. In fact, however, it will hardly do; it lacks the necessary facility and possesses the disqualifying qualities of discrimination and restraint. The events of this journey are seen through the eyes of Stefanie Kolbeck, a member of an aristocratic military family, who counters suffering with discipline, and with a profound devotion to Catholic Poland. The Kolbecks and Mr. Hutchinson's readers are spared the very worst genocidal horrors; the Russians' behaviour, although brutal enough, is negatively rather than positively cruel. Individuals often behave quite kindly to Stefanie and her baby. The result is that when, in the incident which forms the principal climax of the book, the baby is put in one cell, and the mother, out of careless inadvertence, into the cell next door, its pitiful death from this neglect is truly painful and shocking and comes near to being profoundly moving.

Perhaps an even firmer restraint, a still finer discrimination would have brought it off, evoked in their full values the cathartic anger and pity? I rather doubt it. This long book seems to me to be as it were muffled anyway in the care with which it has been written, lacking a clear poignant line; dignified, but heavy. And somehow, reading this evocation of Poland by an English writer, I was often disturbed by an intrusive sense of *tour de force*.

And now for a spot of leprosy, this being, as you might possibly guess, the subject of *The Mask of a Lion*. But Mr. Simeons's book stands no chance with the Club. It does not pretend to take on the full horror of its subject; Mr. Simeons is too wise to overmatch himself in this way. Instead he has written a book of considerable charm, a book touchingly and modestly and truly painful, sentimental only in the old-fashioned way of providing an improbable happy ending. Written with great knowledge, this story of a tailor's discovery of his affliction, his consequent wanderings as an outcast, his friendships and adventures, and his eventual cure, struck me as being good documentary. But it is more as well. Govind, the plump, self-satisfied, devout and gentle tailor, comes splendidly and abundantly alive; he is completely credible, and if this is more than could be said for every character in the book as a whole, it is a very lively, very agreeable painting both of the figures and of the Indian landscape against which they move.

Miss Jean Stafford is an American novelist, and *The Catherine Wheel* is her third novel. Her second novel, *The Mountain Lion*, conjured up a great deal of interest, and the new one had been awaited with lively goodwill. It is set in Congreve House, in New England. This house is, very decidedly, the property of a lady, and in Katherine Congreve and her background Miss Stafford raises the very spirit of Boston Brahminism. With her, for the summer, are her child cousins, the twin girls and Andrew, the second protagonist. With spirit, with humour, with insight, and without fuss, Miss Stafford creates a situation and resolves it. Her atmosphere of a beautiful place and of a rather self-consciously beautiful "ambience" is beautifully done; this is a novel of great accomplishment. What did we expect, if we are disappointed? The unexpected, I suppose, which is what a fine talent provides. But that is about the only thing which, in *The Catherine Wheel*, Miss Stafford hasn't provided.

J. D. SCOTT

SHORTER REVIEWS

Miss Douglas of New York. By ANGUS DAVIDSON. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 18*s.*

Harriet Douglas, herself neither famous nor distinguished, has provided her biographer with a new window from which to view the literary and social worlds of the early nineteenth century; and Mr. Davidson has written a book rich in social adventure. His subject was a wealthy American who chased the good opinion and society of the great since, in spite or perhaps because of a vital originality which was almost her only charm, she could neither be great herself nor admit this and settle into the obscurity of marriage. We are offered a tour of cultured Europe with Harriet between 1825 and 1835 and, though we have covered the ground often before, we are with a new guide, capricious, exasperating, self-willed, excitable—but lively and inescapably interesting.

Mr. Davidson might have been tempted to drift away from the concerns of Harriet into a study of the glittering figures she knew—among them, Scott, Lafayette, Wordsworth and Maria Edgeworth. But her contacts with these are woven with skill into the pattern of her life, and we see them giving advice

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on the eternal problem of her lovers, responding to her inordinate flattery with uneasy modesty. Mr. Davidson's control is such that Harriet always remains the central figure—and he treats her with a good-humoured sympathy which her snobbery and her often disagreeable egoism do not perhaps deserve. Mr. Davidson has produced an immensely readable book, written in a flowing and exuberant style very suitable to the manner in which his subject lived.

Recruit to Revolution. By JOHN COAST. *Christophers.* 18*s.*

John Coast was one of the more unusual figures in the crowded Jogiakarta of 1948, where his conventional public-school background contrasted strangely with the rather revolutionary atmosphere of the Republican capital. This book describes how he left his Foreign Office job to join the Indonesians in their fight against the Dutch. Apart from press and public relations work, he organised and took part in blockade-running by air from Thailand to the Republican areas of Java and Sumatra. But his account covers a larger canvas and moves rapidly between Bangkok and London, Singapore, Holland and Indonesia, with Covent Garden, arms and opium smuggling, and lots more, thrown in for good measure.

It is by no means a full story of Indonesian independence, but it throws a good deal of light on some aspects of it. Though some of the personal reminiscence could profitably have been cut, much of the book is invaluable for anyone interested in recent political events in South-East Asia. The portraits are acute and well-drawn, and the political judgments shrewd and to the point. An air of asperity creeps in at times, and a faint impatience at being rather on the outside of policy-making; but after all, the creation of a national consciousness is fundamentally something for the people concerned, and despite a new allegiance, his background makes the author immovably English. At the end, the exhilaration of the struggle over, his enthusiasm seems dampened. A note of foreboding sees the urge for progress bringing little to Indonesia but the worst elements of Westernisation, with Hollywood films and jazz displacing Indonesian theatre and music. It is a pity that the huge task of shaping a new unity of purpose out of administrative chaos and petty political rivalries seems to have left him somewhat unmoved.

Justice at Work. By JAMES AVERY JOYCE. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The unusual quality of Mr. Avery Joyce is that he combines the barrister's true reverence for Law and Constitution with a flair for popular exposition. This is almost bound to irritate most lawyers, though lucky for laymen; a little learning in the law may be dangerous, but to have none at all has become positively frightening. And this book, which is really a collection of the author's writings, broadcasts and adult education lectures over the past ten years, is quite aptly sub-titled "The Human Side of the Law."

As with so many similar books by lawyers, it has a descending scale of care and accuracy to match the diminishing quality of justice on the way down from murder to street betting. Mr. Avery Joyce's dissection of the summing-up by Mr. Justice Scrutton in the "brides-in-the-bath" case in 1916, which he rightly chooses as a classic illustration of the judicial way of thinking, is the work of a born teacher, a brilliant analysis in the simplest possible language—and typical of many such things in his book. At the other end of the scale he wrongly tells the reader that if the police on reasonable grounds want to search him without warrant for stolen goods, he can insist on having the search done at the police station. (The numerous local Acts authorising these searches do not give the person searched any rights at all, provided the suspicion is "reasonable.") The chapter on dogs, by failing to contrast civil and criminal procedures, perpetuates the fallacy about the "first bite"; whether or not your dog has bitten anyone before, a magistrate can order that you keep it under control or destroy it. Mr. Joyce says "remand centre" for "detention centre" in a context that makes the error important (page 69), and his policemen tell suspects (page 181) that any statements they make may be "used" in evidence—the prescribed word is "given," and the difference is deeply significant. His law as to the rights of finders is dangerously compressed (see page 152, especially), and it is going much too far to say that a death due to negligent driving "will in all probability be manslaughter" (page 120).

Since further editions of this attractive little book will deservedly be welcomed, the revision of these and other points would fully justify the trouble involved.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,183

Set by Guy Walsingham

The usual prizes are offered for the best poem (in any verse form, limit 16 lines), addressed by its owner to his existing, pre-war car, after a visit to this year's Motor Show. Closing date, Nov. 4.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,180

Set by Naomi Lewis

Professionals of one art or sport are frequently found to be amateurs of another. Competitors are invited to write a passage of art criticism, suitable for the pages of this journal, on an Exhibition containing paintings by at least three of the following: T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, Dr. Edith Sitwell, Raymond Mortimer, Evelyn Waugh, J. B. Priestley, Cyril Connolly, Dorothy Sayers, Ernest Hemingway. Limit 150 words.

Report by Naomi Lewis

The Exhibition of Writers as Painters at the Bloomsbury Town Hall (as Allan M. Laing described it) was a severe test of that Protean imagination which is the first equipment of the competitor. First, the oracular utterance of the art critic had to be assumed; then, the translation from craft to craft of a particular mind. The theme of the writer's picture might be surprising, therefore, but not inconsequent. I quote some of the more penetrating passages: "Evelyn Waugh is at his best in his black and white portrait drawings, where he gives free rein to his passion for caricature. His more ambitious serious paintings come perilously near to the style of the R.A." (C. Poznanski). "Mr. Waugh's *Holy Family* is a witty representation of a family." (L.E.J.). "As always, Mr. Priestley asserts his status in every stroke. 'Daub? Perhaps. Dilettante? Never!'" (Eric Swainson). "His brush strokes shout at one another over an empty scene." (Pat Bullen). "Sayers has moved on from the whimsical arrangement of herrings and criss-crossing threads which so delighted us in the Thirties, to the single, disciplined cross. Yet the whimsy has transferred itself to the arrangement of the background material." (R. Hemington). "T. S. Eliot (to me a new name) . . ." (Edward Blishen). Other works discussed included Mr. Raymond Mortimer's "row of fastidiously delineated bishops" (Edward Blishen), Mr. Connolly's *Spring in Summer* (Michael Barney), Miss Sayers's "macabre *Macabre*" (R. B. Browning), and her *Detective at Prayer* (Edward Blishen). Next to the five prize-winners (printed below), the best entries came from C. Poznanski, R. Hemington, H. A. C. Evans, A. M. Sayers, Edward Blishen and Allan M. Laing.

Priestley's sprawling street scene, *Wooltown*, shows a liveliness of detail that consoles for shaky composition. His abstraction, labelled *Time*, suggests deficient technique for this always difficult style; whereas Eliot's technical mastery suggests a dangerous facility—until one notices unfamiliar angles and juxtapositions (in the right hand dangling the monocle, the left placing the crown of thorns on the recumbent figure's brow), and realizes that his *Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly, D.M., D.P.M.*, could not have been painted by, say, Mr. Simon Elwes. Greene's attractive expertise is marred by intrusive literariness; need his scarlet-robed, agonized *Cardinal*, as he turns from the crucifix to the plate of greasy sausages (beef, one suspects), also grind beneath his heel a calendar showing "Friday 13th"? Sayers's still-lifes deserve mention: *High Life* wittily brings together strawberry-leaves and blunt instruments; *High Church*, less successful, smells as much of the lamp as of the incense-burner. APPLETREE

Mr. Eliot's tones are very pure, but his line is still too hard and unyielding. Visitors will notice the early *Portrait of a Lady* (in pastel), also *Rhapsody on a Windy Night*, a work much influenced by Toulouse-Lautrec, with its litter of cabbage stalks and newspapers in the foreground. The standing nude with gramophone entitled *When lovely woman stoops to folly and* marks his later attachment to the Highbury group. His best works of recent date are the landscapes. There is much *gebrauchsgraphik* in the present show, some of it religious, some humorous; also a drawing-room conversation-piece which should sell well.

Among the lesser fry Ernest Hemingway stands out. His handling is delightfully loose and his colour is excellent. Graham Greene shows yet another martyrdom: it is said that he uses real blood for the reds in his warmer tones. E. S. GOLLER

Mr. Priestley, with usual gusto, continues his steady output of paintings *genre bourgeois*, using a thick impasto of humdrum browns on an opaque background. His latest is disappointing, a group of sadly unrelated objects held together by a thin film of *vernis à retoucher*. At times he seems to have

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SURREY. 25 miles London. Newly dec. furn. 2-rm. flatlet (sep. ent., gas ckr., cosy stove, Ascot) ground floor priv. house, with addtl. lock-up studio-office. Suit prof. lady. Gdn. produce, garage if reqd. London coach & local buses pass door. Mod. rent, incl. elec., baths (in house.) Box 4338.

THE Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards o/S., welcomes perm. residents appreciating gd. food, congenial atmosphere. £260 p.a. (couple £420), full board.

N. DEVON. Furn. cottage to let throughout winter. Mod. rent. Box 4315.

UNFURN. flat—exchange N.W. district, 4 rms. & conys. for smaller. Mod. rent. Conv. central London. Box 4451.

FURN./unfurn. bed-sit. room with sep. ckg. facils. reqd. by lady (Hospital Staff), N.W.—nr. Tube. EDG. 8181 (9-5 wk.-days).

YOUNG journalist, spare-time writer, wants flat or at least one room, k. & b., furn. or unfurn., 4*gns*, or less, preferably Hampstead. Box 4329.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

LADY urgently requires one or two semi- or unfurnished rooms; experienced with children, no fads. Box 4388.

LADY Designer and Art Teacher requires unfurnished flat or rooms with good light. Central district preferred. Box 4397.

YOUNG couple require furn./unfurn. flat or rooms at fair rent. Central or North London area. Box 4452.

TWO furn. bed-sit. rooms, kit., bath, wanted by elderly couple from Nov. 17 for 2-3 mths., pref. Bloomsbury/Kens. Box 4176.

COUPLE, both teachers, require unfurn. accom. N. or N.W. London. Box 4445.

SMALL furnished flat wanted by coloured man & Danish wife, Northern area. Help or suggestions welcomed. Box 4371.

YOUNG graduate reqs. furnished bed-sitter & kitchenette), share bath, use telephone, accessible City, 3 to 4*gns*., according to facilities provided. Box 4446.

WNTD. Cottage 3-4 rooms, one hour London, Kent £2 10s. maximum, or buy. J. Farmer, 30 Chilworth St., W.2.

WHERE TO STAY

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely in Autumn. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Jersey herd. Sea warm. Surf-bathing. Polzeath, Salmon, trout in season. Golf Rock. For Port Quin, Port Gaverne, Lundy Bay. Excellent cuisine & all comforts guaranteed. Open all the year. Manageress: Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Autumn colourings on Ashdown Forest, wonderful, and then enjoy a good meal cooked by Kathleen Batten. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

QUEEN'S Hotel, King's Road, Brighton. Facing sea front. Special reduced winter terms, Jan., Feb., March. Apply Manager for brochure and terms. Brighton 26454.

BRIGHTON. B/B 12s. 6d. Spr. int. beds. Pleas. hse. Cent. Elsbury, 2 Norfolk Sq.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country; Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

HYTHE, Kent. Stade Court Hotel. A.A. (3 star), on sea front. H. & C. all bedrooms, Cent. Htg., lift, divan beds. Every comfort. 8-10*gns*. p.w. Apply Manageress for brochure. Hythe 67146.

FOLKESTONE. Hawkett, 7 London St. Comf., good table. Nr. sea. Tel. 4752.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 21s. day, 6*gns* wkly. incl., from Oct. 1. Tel. 1944.

ARCHERY/Shooting/Fishing/Riding hol. Manor Guest Hse., beautiful cntry., mod. cons. Unique Xmas preparations. Pr. 5*gns*. Broch.: Dolwilym Mansion, Hebron, Carm.

MISCELLANEOUS

BEAUTIFUL bookcases for bookmen's homes at really low prices are to be found at The Phœnix Gallery. Call or write for the bookcase leaflets M3, to 38 William IV Street at Charing Cross.

ROBERT Speaight reads "The Waste Land," "Prufrock," "Hollow Men" and "Ash Wednesday," on one long playing record—ARS 1001, from Argo Records, 29 George St., W.1.

AN evening in Bali for less than four pounds—two Argo long playing records "Music from Bali" bring you the magical music from the recent London production of "Dancers of Bali."

SAVE 10s. in the £1. Buy your unrationed tea in bulk. 5 lb pure Indian tea for 12s. 6d. post paid. Send postal order direct to John Bennett & Co., Billiter Bldgs., London, E.C.3, wholesalers for over a century.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partic. MUS. 8923.

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

ENVELOPES 1,000 6×3½ 13s.; Dupl. paper rm. qto. 10s. Other bargains, send for price-list. L. Warren, 7 Newton Ave., N.10.

How did it happen?

HERE IS A MYSTERY. How is it that a newspaper of modest circulation, not even coming from Fleet Street, should be so influential throughout the world? By what magic has the Manchester Guardian become so famous a newspaper?

The answer sounds odd in these days of big battalions and screaming headlines. The Manchester Guardian has made its way by fine reporting; good writing; an eye for truth; and a tongue not afraid to tell it. There are no tricks or stunts in the Manchester Guardian. It relies upon intelligence, integrity, wit.

The Manchester Guardian will never appeal to the millions. But more and more intelligent citizens, in London and in other big cities, are turning with deep respect to this unassuming and outspoken newspaper, the Manchester Guardian.

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

picked up the trowel in mistake for the palette knife, and the wintry atmosphere of the Gallery has already dried this work.

Burnt Umber is typical of Mr. Eliot's suburban studies; it verges on the abstract in effect if not in intent. In *Portrait of J. A. Prufrock* the costume suggests that this obviously cultured man has by taxation and other bureaucratic persecutions been reduced to beachcombing. I cannot accept the interpretations of other Left-wing critics that this is "the vagrant being assimilated into our community" (*N.S. & N.*, Sept.). Had this been so, surely Mr. Eliot would not have introduced luxury articles (mermaids, peaches . . .) into an already crowded composition?

Miss Sayers, who integrates the iron quality of Mr. William Gear in a Rouault-like undercoat, never fails to puzzle. But on examination the insoluble tangle proves to be a carefully interwoven design leading to a remote point in the far distance.

ANN GOULD

The *Façade Gallery* shows the *Experimental Culturists* creating a new front.

T. S. Eliot's evocative form and line excite, and his application of grease-paint on egg-Tempera in *Vicious (Dress) Circle* does come off. Personal symbols such as operating-tables, however, project a note of outmoded surrealism on to his legitimately distorted family groups, and obscure meaning.

Graham Greene's *Urchin of the Rock—Brighton* is rewarding, although the violent pink of the rock strives over-urgently with the harsh tonal treatment of the sprawling boy and formal pattern of the life-savers.

With Dr. Edith Sitwell's *Artist's Scrapheap* and *Brother, what is left of your right hand?* we move into an eclectic world of mannered yet passionate abstracts. Less successful is her ambitious realism; and in *Sheffield near Renishaw* (oil) a failure to control her medium suggests that the brush is mightier than the bard.

FAY POMERANCE

Time, Gentlemen, Please! a conversation-piece by J. B. Priestley, assembles a group of bar-huggers from the school of George Belcher. To bring æsthetics to bear on this cosy little study would be irrelevant: with the clock showing five-forty-five, one can only speculate on Mr. Priestley's odd notion of Time.

Raymond Mortimer is more subtle. His *Victorian Deanery* combines an almost Trollopian sentiment for the aura of Victorian clerical life with an obvious affection for the manner of Bonnard.

The Visitation by T. S. Eliot is an interesting exercise in the Scriptural formula of Stanley Spencer. This is not, however, an eruption from graves, but an incursion into the equivocal atmosphere of a cocktail party by a minatory, symbolistic figure looking like Bishop Andrewes . . .

JOHN DIGBY

CHESS: Bouquet from Budapest

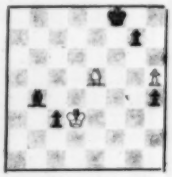
No. 160

"It seems you have better solvers than *Shakhmati* had; my compliments to them!"—thus spake Dr. G. Páros, the famous Hungarian expert after I had let him know that quite a few of our competitors detected a flaw in an endgame study by V. Korolkov, a 1st-prize winner, widely reprinted in the U.S.S.R. and all over the Continent. Dr. Páros added that he has acquainted the author of our readers' discovery; let us hope that the celebrated Russian composer succeeds in "saving" his brilliant piece. If he does I shall duly report it. I have another successful cook-hunt to report this week, but first of all we have to deal with our study competition There were a good many entries from composers of international renown; but in awarding 1st prize (a 3 *gn.* chessbook token) to E. Allen I feel as just as Solomon and as right as Paris (and by no means as biased as that Trojan judge of a well-known beauty competition must have been). All I know about the winner is that he lives in Edinburgh and that he is one of our most consistently successful solvers of other people's studies. His own piece—White to win—is very neat and well constructed; I would even call it witty. It is not very difficult, but none too easy either, and it may well be worth 7 points to the author's fellow-competitors. As for the 2nd prize (a 2 *gn.* chessbook token) I could have no doubt about its being well and truly deserved by D. E. Cohen; all I can report about him is that he is an Oxford undergraduate resident in Manchester and, of course, one of the most indomitable heroes in our ladder-competitions. He seems to be particularly devoted to the interesting theme of R & B obstruction, for he sent me a tidy selection of half a dozen studies of that type. I hope I have picked the one which is neatest and most instructive. After my broad hint on the theme of the piece the author's fellow-competitors will consider 6 points more than ample rating for finding White's winning line. It seems a sad thought that these 6 points will have to be passed up by the one competitor who hardly ever drops as many points in an entire ladder-decade. As for the consolation guinea prize, my choice was difficult indeed, and in finally selecting **C**—White to draw—I was guided by the consideration that it is as neat a piece as others and at the same time as simple and instructive as our usual four-pointer for beginners ought to be. I will rate it 5 points, though, on this special occasion, and perhaps it isn't quite as simple as all that, not for beginners at any rate.

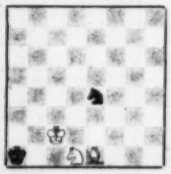
A: E. Allan 1952

B: D. E. Cohen 1952

C: W. Morrison & J. Warton 1952



As for that other cook-hunt, the latest one accomplished by our competitors, the heroes of the piece are C. Sandberg and W. Rogers, and the v . . ., no, not the villain but the victim, this time, is not the great Korolkov but the equally celebrated Continental composer P. Heuäcker. Readers may remember this pretty study of his, published on August 23 and the author's solution (three weeks later) with its main line (1) B-R4, K-R7; (2) B-K7, K-R8; (3) B-R3, followed by B-Kt2 and Kt-B3. I have no space for the sub-variations (see *N.S. & N.*, Sept. 13), all as perfectly correct as the main one; except for the author's proud claim that the "temptation" (1) B-Kt4 is refuted by (1) . . . Kt-Kt6; (2) B-R3, Kt-K7; or if (2) B-Q6, Kt-B4; (3) B-K5 ch, K-R7; (4) B-Kt2, Kt-K6 ch. It is this claim that has been refuted by our readers who, by finding the "temptation" to be really a dual have "cooked" what would otherwise be a most ingenious study. Let us follow C. Sandberg's meticulous analysis. (1) B-Kt4, Kt-Kt6; (2) B-R3, Kt-K7; (3) B-Kt2 ch, K-R7; (4) B-K5. If the Black Kt now goes to his only square KKt8, White mates by (5) Kt-B3 ch, followed by B-Q6. Hence Black must play (4) . . . K-R6, whereupon White wins by the truly astounding (5) Kt-B2! Now if the Black K moves, White wins the Kt by K-Q2-K3. Hence, (5) . . . Kt-Kt8; (6) K-Q3, Kt-B6 (forced); (7) B-B6! Now again K-moves lose the Kt, hence (7) . . . Kt-K8 ch; (8) K-Q2, Kt-Kt7; (9) B-Kt5! etc.; or (8) . . . Kt-B6 ch; (9) K-K2, Kt-Kt8 ch; (10) K-K3, followed by B-K5-R2. Heuäcker will be informed, and if he has any comment I shall duly report it. Meanwhile, I can only hope that our own prize-winners do not fall prey to the eagle-eyed cook-hunters among their fellow-readers. Usual prizes. Entries by Nov. 3.



REPORT ON COMPETITION

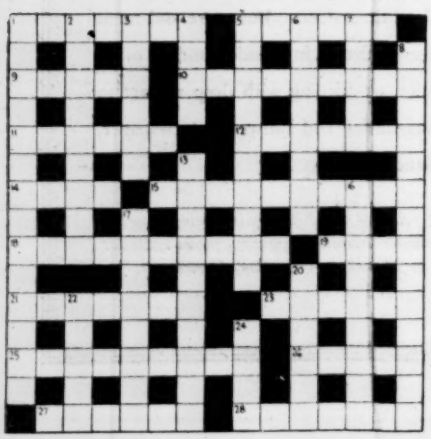
Set October 4

A: (1) Kt-B8 ch, B x Kt. (2) B x P, K-Kt3. (3) B-R3, B x B. (4) Kt-Kt4, B-B8. (5) Kt-Q5, B-Q7. (6) Kt x P ch, etc.
B: (1) . . . Kt x Kt. (2) P x Q, Kt-B7 ch. (3) K-Kt1, Kt-R6 mate.
C: (1) Kt-B5 ch, K-B3. (2) R-Q1! Q x R. (3) B-Kt4! etc.

Even though quite a few competitors were stumped by either **A** or **C** I got too many correct entries to mention them all. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, C. H. Brown, R. C. Chaturvedi, T. Simmonds.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 19



ACROSS

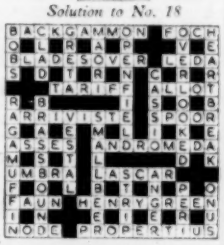
1. Magnus' Foreign Secretary (7).
5. The captain to abandon ship when the first sign of a storm can be seen ahead (6).
9. It sounds as if the visitor is unknown (5).
10. Flag for May (4, 5).
11. "Be sure of it; give me the —— proof." (Othello) (6).
12. Piece of cricket legislation (4, 3).
14. The agony of a radio writer (4).
15. Stupid talk of a strike about a broken ladder (10).
18. Huns hit and ran in disorder (10).
19. Smart wear betrayed a vulgar habit (4).
21. Vessel seems in danger of breaking up (7).
23. Creature goes backwards (6).
25. The grass that grows after mowing (9).
26. Silent game (5).
27. Concerned with curbing a woman? (6).
28. The price of sin is an entry in small change (7).

DOWN

1. Song of the last pure origin (5, 9).
2. The heavenly being in one is a musician (9).
3. Vampire servant (6).
4. Singer of I down without a son (4).
5. A boxer is after 10 (7, 3).
6. An attempt at promotion provides material for this clue (8).
7. She is a total wreck (5).
8. A literary fortress of note (8, 6).
13. Horse-dealer reduces everyone to rags (10).
16. Always has land-speed, although it can travel on water (9).
17. In disarray such clothes ride a lot (8).
20. Son of Erasmus who lived till seventy years ago (6).
22. Signifies that she found a husband and had children? (5).
24. The fellow to get sore (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 18



APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

NATIONAL Coal Board invites applications for a superannuable post of Scientist on the staff of the Director of Scientific Control at London Headquarters, to co-ordinate and supervise environmental studies, which are to be carried out at twenty or more selected collieries during the next ten years as part of a field research on Pneumoconiosis. Candidates should have a good Honours Degree in natural science (Physics, Chemistry or Mathematics), preferably with experience in the study of dust and other industrial environmental problems. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but not less than the Board's Grade I Scientist scale: range (£1,095 x £35 to £1,305 per annum, plus London Location Allowance). Write, giving full particulars (in chronological order) of age, education, qualifications and experience (with dates), to National Coal Board, Establishments (Personnel), Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, marking envelope TT/544. Original testimonials should not be forwarded. Closing date November 10, 1952.

TRINITY College, University of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the office of Dean of Trinity College, which will fall vacant in August, 1953. The College is affiliated to the University of Melbourne and has in residence 120 undergraduates. About 50 non-resident students are attached for tutorial classes. Applicants must be graduates of the University of Melbourne or of some University recognised by the University of Melbourne. They must also be communicant members of the Church of England. The Council would prefer to appoint an unmarried man who is not less than 25 nor more than 35 years of age. Salary will be from £A750 to £A900 p.a. according to qualifications. (No cost of living adjustment, but board and quarters provided). Full information and details of the conditions of the Dean's appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is January 30, 1953.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced. The scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1952 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London salary scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £812-£1,022, (women) £681-£917; Scientific Officers, (men) £440-£707, (women) £440-£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £440-£655. (Rates for women under review.) Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S. 52/52, S128/52 for the other posts.

CIVIL Service Commission—Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer Competition, 1952. Notice is given that all persons appointed with a certificate of the Civil Service Commissioners on or after January 1, 1953, will be pensionable under the Superannuation Acts instead of, as hitherto, under F.S.S.U. Persons appointed in a permanent capacity on F.S.S.U. terms before that date will be given the option of either remaining on those terms or of accepting the conditions of the Superannuation Acts. Further particulars from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting F.S.S.U./Amdt.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Research Fellow in Social Psychology tenable for two years in the first place with possibility of renewal for a third year. Stipend of £400 to £500 per annum, plus F.S.S.U. benefits and children's allowances. Applications should reach the Secretary to the University (from whom Conditions of Appointment and Forms of Application may be obtained), not later than November 8, 1952. The University, Aberdeen. W. S. Angus, Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LIBRARIAN Grade IV in Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a least one pensionable post. This is in the Board of Trade, but there may be vacancies in other Departments. Candidates must be at least 22 and under 30 years of age on November 1, 1952, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must either be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship and have had experience in library work. Some knowledge of economic affairs is desirable. Inclusive London salary scale (men) £385 to £760, (women) £379 to £634. Starting salary according to age up to £467 (men) and £445 (women) at 25 or over. Prospects of promotion. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4167/52. Completed application forms must reach him by November 27, 1952.

CITY of York. Heworth Day Nursery. Applications are invited for the post of Matron at the above Nursery which accommodates 45 children and is approved for training purposes. The nursery was opened in December, 1950, and was built to design. Applicants should hold one of the following qualifications—S.R.N., S.R.C.N., or the Certificate of the National Nursery Examination Board. Ministry of Health scale of salary payable. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be forwarded to the Medical Officer of Health, 9 St. Leonard's Place, York. T. C. Benfield, Town Clerk.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £570 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than November 8, 1952. Canvassing forbidden.

WEST Sussex County Council Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes for the appointment of House Mother at Woodlands, Chichester, the County Council's Cottage Homes for 117 children between the ages of 2 and 15 years. Applicants should be ready to make a home for about 12 boys or girls of school age, have initiative and imagination in planning activities and experience in the residential care of children. Salary £308 2s., per annum from which £75 8s. will be deducted for board and lodging. Good holidays. Applications from those with children not, unfortunately, acceptable. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

SERVICE Children's Schools Overseas. Secondment or Appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified men and women Teachers are required to teach on the Staff of Army Children's Schools in Malaya and Hong Kong. Normal tour of duty will be three years. Teachers will be civilians with Officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary under current Burnham scale, plus London allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. While suitable married accommodation in the Far East is very short, it is nevertheless possible that a married male Teacher may be joined during his tour of duty by his family, who would travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office, AE1, Stanmore, Middlesex.

SERVICE Children's Schools Overseas. Army Children's Secondary School Tripoli. A qualified Headmaster is required in January, 1953, for the above mixed School which has approximately 80 pupils. Normal tour of duty will be three years. The post carries the appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham scale, plus London allowance, Head Teachers' allowance, local allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. A married man may normally expect to be joined later by his family who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office (AE1), Stanmore, Middlesex, closing date 14 days after appearance of advertisement.

H.M. Inspector of Taxes in Inland Revenue Department. The Civil Service Commissioners announce that the closing date for the special recruitment of Inspectors of Taxes by interview of candidates with first- or second-class Honours degree is October 31.

PERFECT secretary (either sex) required 2 days weekly. Box 4513.

HOUSEMOTHER & Housefather-Handyman for small food reform schl. Box 4342.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SERVICE Children's Schools Overseas. Secondment or Appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified men and women Teachers are required to teach on the Staff of Army Children's Schools in Middle East Land Forces Command. Normal tour of duty will be three years and Teachers will be liable during that time for service in any station in the Command, i.e., Libya, Cyrenaica, Egypt, Malta, Cyprus, Turkey, East Africa, Mauritius. Teachers will be civilians with officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham scale plus London allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. Married male Teachers can in most cases be joined later by their families who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office (AE1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Supervisor required at Girls' Remand Home, accommodation 13. Salary scale as Reynolds' Report. Post superannuable and appointment subject to medical examination. Apply stating age, qualifications, experience and names of two referees before October 31, 1952, to E. Healey, M.A., M.Ed., Children's Officer, 155 Suffolk Street, Sheffield, 1. John Heys, Town Clerk.

B.B.C. invites applications from women for work in Portuguese and Brazilian Sections. Duties consist mainly in typing direct from Portuguese dictation and clerical work. Good English and accurate typing essential. Salary £6 5s. plus 10s. a week Portuguese language allowance. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.B.N.Stm."

GROUP leader—man, woman (not under 24 years) or married couple exp. children 10/15 years—interested in psychological approach—happy well-balanced personalities required for general supervision, arts, crafts, help maintenance, household routine for community school extension near Shrewsbury. Reply to: Principal, Westhope Manor School, Nr. Craven Arms, Salop.

GOOD home with every comfort, in beautiful seaside surroundings (South Wales) offered to Widow around 50 to 60 who is prepared, in return, to look after two men about the same age. No actual salary, but liberal housekeeping allowance and no cheeseparing. Write in first instance to Box 4152.

HARASSED mother of 4 needs capable help. Modern, friendly household N.E. London Suburb. Good salary and every consideration offered suitable person. Apply, stating exp., salary reqd., etc., to Box 4265.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of full-time Welfare Officer—female. Communications, stating full particulars, exper., etc., should be addressed to Asst. Secy., Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

WANTED, urgently, on Advice Bureau staff of national newspaper, woman capable of answering readers' queries. Write stating age, education, salary required, when free, etc. Box 4447.

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EDUCATED man, qualified teacher, experienced Youth Employment, administration, welfare work, vocational guidance qualifications, desires responsible post Personnel/Welfare, Public Relations, or similar, preferably in South. Box 4242.

FRENCH girl, 24, grad. H.E.C.J.F. of Paris, secretarial training & experience, wants interesting job in London. G. Lalasse, Palais Thermal, Biarritz, B.P. France.

GENTLEWOMAN (40s) seeks post as housekeeper to lady or gentleman. Congenial and cultured atmosphere preferred. Flat or small house only. Box 4341.

GRADUATE (L), 23, secretarial experience, good knowledge French, Spanish, seeks non-commercial post. Interests: theatre, music, literature. Box 4330.

WOMAN chartered librarian, 42, public library & technical college exp., seeks change, town, country, or abroad. Box 4451.

LADY graduate seeks post with literary or special interest. Secretarial, editorial experience; languages, medical terminology. Box 4049.

LADY sec. expd., initiative. Engl./French/Ger. Sh./Tpng. Trans. Box 4482.

YOUNG lady L.G.S.M. (Eloc.) reqs. post school Jan. Country/Town. Box 4276.

NON-Conformist Minister, 39, sole, resigning purely doctrinal grounds, seek post temp./perm. (Tchg./Social/Wardenship, &c.) Grad. Hist. Med. & Class. langs. Box 4343.

WOMAN Graduate, with car, wants work London, whole- or part-time. Box 4400.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

TRIUMPHS of the Peace Movement. Edited by an American Quaker, a series based on original research, now appearing in Peace News, international pacifist weekly. From newsagents, or 10 weeks' postal trial for 5s. 5 Blackstock Rd. London N.4. (Spec. free.)

INTERESTED in languages? Then read "The Linguist," published monthly with articles and features in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Esperanto. Original, entertaining and, above all, helpful. 1s. from newsagents, or 11s. yearly from "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity."—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS: First and ltd. editions. Private Presses, Illustrated, Bibliography, Sex Psychology, &c. List from Mercier, 15 Speer Rd., Thames Ditton, Surrey.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. Phone VICtoria 9827.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s. Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111, Buchanan St., Blackpool.

PARIS Literary, Fashion & Cinema magazines on subscription. Price list A.P.P., Ltd. (Dept. P.66), 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1. By appointment only. MOU. 1482.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Linguaphone Russian Course, £7; Modern Beckkassel Microscope, £25; Rare U.S.A. stamps, catalogued £250, for £100.

WANTED: Newgate Calendar, Complete set; Handbook Marxism; all Trotsky, Kautsky, Stekloff, Rosenberg.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. for first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun., 5 & 8. "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "Christmas Bridge." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Hungarian film, "Liberated Soil." Tues., Oct. 28, 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.30. "Condemned to Live," an unusual Thriller. Mems. 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Irving Cabaret." Marcella Salzer, Lisa Lee, Bill Owen. Mems. 5s.

"LES Bonnes," by Jean Genet. The "First Stage" Society in ass. with I.C.A. presents Two Performances in French at the Mercury Theatre, Wed., Oct 29 and Thurs., Oct. 30 at 8 p.m., with Selma Vaz Dias and Olive Gregg. Tickets 6s. and 4s. for F.S. and I.C.A. members (7s. 6d. and 5s. guests) in advance from I.C.A. or at door.

UNIQUE opportunity to compare the film "La Ronde" with the original: Sun., Oct. 26 at 7.30 p.m. Wyndhams Theatre; Dramatic Reading of Schnitzler's "Reigen" in a new English translation. Cast: Constance Cummings, Jessie Evans, Geraldine McEwan, Yvonne Mitchell, Hanne Norbert, Theodore Bikel, Denholm Elliott, Raymond Huntley, Peter Jones, Martin Miller, George Rose. Tkts. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 6s., from Sec. only, Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8. Tel.: WES. 9003 & 9173.

MONTAGU Slater, Ewart Milne, story and poetry readings; dancing. Hungarian Club, Pembridge Sq., Oct. 30 at 8: 2s.

W.M.A. Puppet Theatre Group. Puppet performance & technique demonstration by Kate & Lucian Amaral. Saturday, October 25, at 3 p.m., at Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Adm. free.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 26. Marius Trilogy Part 3: Cesar (A). From Oct. 27: Orson Welles' fabulous "Citizen Kane" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Oct. 26, 7.30. "Faddia" (A) (Italian).

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). Sunday, Oct. 26, 7.30 p.m. Ilford Town Hall. Eisenstein's "Ivan The Terrible" and supporting programme. Membership: 5s. per year from Miss M. Apling, 45 Hatley Avenue, Ilford.

MATTHEWS-RALF Duo (Thomas Matthews, violin, Eileen Ralf, pianoforte). Brahms Recital, at Friends House, Euston Rd., Tues. next, Oct. 28, at 8. Violin Sonatas in A Major & D Minor, Piano Sonata in F Minor. Tkts. from Chappells, 50 New Bond St. (MAY. 7600) & Hall night of concert only.

SUNDAY, October 26, at 7.30, Royal Festival Hall. Overture, Rossini; Symphony, Moule-Evans (1st perf. in England); Violin Concerto, Walton (Soloist: Thomas Matthews); Fountains of Rome, Respighi. London Symphony Orchestra, Cond. Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets 3s. 6d. to 15s. from Box Office (WAT. 3191) and usual agents.

DR. Edith Sitwell, Dylan Thomas, Gordon Watson, London Symphony Orchestra, Morley College Choir, Cond. Robert Irving. Palace Theatre, Sun., November 16, 7.30. Works by Berlioz, Liszt, Bartók (2nd Piano Concerto), and 1st perf. "The Shadow of Cain" (Edith Sitwell-Humphrey Searle). Tkts. 3s. 6d.-21s., Chappells (MAY. 7600), agents & Theatre on night of concert.

MOISEIWITSCH. Royal Festival Hall, Tues., Oct. 28, at 7 (presented by The English Opera Group). Sonata No. 3 (Kabalevsky); Handel Variations (Brahms); Twenty-four Preludes (Chopin). Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., at Hall (Wat. 3191) and Agents. This concert will be followed at 10 p.m. in the Foyer by the Opera Ball 1952 (Chairman: The Countess of Harewood). Tickets 30s. each, including continuous Buffet, from Royal Festival Hall Box Office.

OPERA Ball 1952 (Chairman: The Countess of Harewood) in aid of the English Opera Group. Royal Festival Hall, Tues., Oct. 28, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Guests are invited to come in operatic costume. Famous Cabaret artists include Peter Ustinov. Judges include: Moira Shearer, Cecil Beaton, John Mills and Sir Malcolm Sargent. Valuable prizes. Nat Temple and his Band. Tickets 30s. each including continuous Buffet, from Royal Festival Hall Box Office (Wat. 3191). The Opera Ball will follow the Recital by Moiseiwitsch. Tickets: 12s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. from Hall (Wat. 3191) and Agents.

ENGEL Lund, Wigmore Hall, Sat., Oct. 25 at 3. Folk Songs of Many Lands, with Ferdinand Rauter, Piano. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d. WEL. 2141 & Agts., & Anglo-Austrian Music Soc., 139 Kensington High St. W.8.

PROG. of Contemporary South African Chamber Music. Concert by the Soc. for the Prom. of New Music. Works by du Plessis, Glasser, Grové, Joubert. Wed., Oct. 29, 8 p.m. 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1.

RECORDED Concert: Leos Janacek and his MSA. Glagolskava conducted Bakala (Brno: intro. by Malcolm Rayment. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St. W.1. Fri. Oct. 31, 8 p.m.

THE Marylebone Quartet (Leader: Julius Ungerson), will present a Recital for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Oct. 27, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

YFRAH Neaman and Howard Ferguson. Violin and Piano Sonata Recital. Wigmore Hall, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3. Works by Bach, Mozart, Ferguson, Bloch. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall. WEL. 2141 & agents. Mgt.: Ingpen & Williams, Ltd., 31 Clarges St., W.1.

SOUZAY, Gerard. Penn Music Club, Sun., Oct. 26, 2.45 sharp, Tylers Grn. Village Hall, nr. Penn, Bucks. Lully, Purcell, Faure, Duparc & "Dichterliebe." All tickets unreserved, 6s. at door.

NEGRO Folk Music Recital by America's most famous singer of the blues, folk songs and ballads, Big Bill Broonzy. Cambridge Theatre, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets from 8s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. 4 Earlham St., W.C.2. Temple Bar 1762/3/4.

W. AFRICAN Stud. Union Dance, Tropic Night Cabaret. Guests of Honour: Jenny Lee & Aneurin Bevan, M.P.s. Chelsea Town Hall, Oct. 31, 7.30-11.30. Tkts. 4s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Hallowe'en Party, Fri. next Oct. 31, 8.30-12, at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill. Adm. 2s. 6d.

WINTER Sports Film Show and Travel Forum, York Hall, Caxton Hall, S.W.1, November 7, 6.30 p.m. Ski-ing Films of Austria, Switzerland and Italy. Experts will answer your questions. Tickets 2s. 6d. (excluding refreshments) from Erna Low Holidays, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields).

EPSTEIN. Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 9. Weekdays 10-6., Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Exhibition of Works by Artists of the Galerie de France—Gischia, Lagrange, Manessier, Pignon, Singier, etc.

NEW English Art Club. Members' Exhibition, J. A. Tooth's Gallery, 16 Cork St., W.1. Open daily 10-5.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Looking Forward": An exhibition of realist pictures by contemporary British artists. Daily 11-6. Suns. 2-6. Closed Mondays.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 80 Posters by A. Games, also Ketuboth (illuminated Jewish marriage contracts).

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1350. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

DRAWINGS from Egypt. Ismalic Cultural Centre, 146 Park Road, London, N.W. From 10 a.m.-6 p.m., October 31, including Saturdays. Admission free. Nearest Tube Station—Baker Street.

ARCADE Gallery. Mannerism: Paintings. Drawings. Sculpture 1530-1600. Until November 8. 28 Old Bond St., W.1.

TOOTH'S: Colin Middleton, paintings 1947-1952. Daily 9.30-6; Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gericault (1791-1824)—first exhibition since 1820—in aid of the Tate Gallery's Rodin Group Appeal. Admission 2s., students 1s. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

MERSEYSIDE Artists from the Sandon Studios Society, Liverpool. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Nov. 22. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

8 Young Painters. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 10-6, Sundays 2-6.

OLD Masters under 25gns. on show at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George St., W.1. Sculpt. & Drawings by McWilliam. Paintings by Robin Campbell. Until Nov. 8.

APOLLINAIRE Galerie, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Benjamin Creme. Oct. 10-31, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. incl. Sat.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane St., S.W.1, announce an Exhibition of Handwoven Textiles by Mrs. Ethel Mairet opening Monday, Oct. 27, closing Nov. 5, 9.30-5.30.

CERAMICS. Exhibn. at Kynance Gallery, 1 Kynance Pl., Gloucester Rd., by yng. contemporary potters. Till Nov. 4. WES. 8977.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Conservative Party's viewpoint on foreign and colonial affairs," by Lord Lloyd of Dolobran. Thursday, October 30, at 8 p.m. (Following Thursday, Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., will speak on The Labour Party's policy on foreign and colonial affairs.) At All Nations Social Club, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

"FILMS in Poland Today": illustrated talk by Stanley Forman, of Plato Films, with epidiascope. Friday, Oct. 24, 7.45 p.m. All welcome. Refreshments. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. Oct. 29, 7.30 p.m. at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Foreign Policy and the Tories": T. E. M. McKitterick. Adm. 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MARGARET Cole will speak on Beatrice Webb at a meeting of the London & National Society for Women's Service on Friday, October 31, at 7 p.m., at the Alliance Hall, Palmer Street (near Caxton Hall). Admission free—silver collection.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Greek and Roman Law" will be delivered by Professor F. Pringsheim (Freiburg and Oxford) at 5 p.m. on October 27 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free without ticket.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 28. Dr. W. Bier, "Some Problems of Modern Psychology." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Oct. 24, D. G. MacRae, M.A., "Is Science Superstitious?"

MANKIND on the March—Aspects of Co-operation: Overseas. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way. October 29, 7.30 p.m. Sir Malcolm Darling, K.C.I.E., "Co-operation in the Indian Village." Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Oct. 30, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in English by Prof. Emile Cammaerts, C.B.E. "The Origins of Flemish Art" (lantern slides).

PROFESSOR C. D. Broad of Trinity College, Cambridge, addresses a general meeting of the Society for Psychical Research on "Phantasms of the Living and of the Dead" at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, October 29, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Open to the public. Admittance free.

ZSIGMOND Móricz, the greatest Hungarian writer, died 10 years ago; on Sunday, Oct. 26, Neil Stewart will speak about him, and Alex McCrindle will read some of his short stories; also new gramophone records Hungarian music, at the British-Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2, 7.30. Adm. 1s. Refreshments.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. November 1, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Pierre Pradel (Alliance Française): "Le portrait sculpté en France."

ANGLO-German Association Inaugural lecture by Stephen Spender on "Pre-War and Post-War Germany." Thurs., Oct. 30, 6.30 p.m. Church House, Gt. Smith St., Westminster. Mems. free, non-mems. 1s. 6d.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. "Just Returned from China." Mr. Miles Malleson and Mr. Geoffrey Bing, Q.C., M.P. speaking to the Forum on their experiences. Thursday, October 30, 7.30 p.m., at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place., W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

ROBERT Atkins on "Shakespeare at the Ring." Wed., Nov. 5, 7.30, Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Tickets 2s. (3s. 6d.) Shakespeare Stage Society, 96 Charlotte Street, W.1.

SHAW Soc.: "Shavian Miscellany," incl. Esme Percy, Evelyn Hall, etc.; also Maccabi Players in "Overruled." 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Mon., Oct. 27, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s.

FRANK Byers and Philip Fothergill will give the Liberal Answer at Kensington Town Hall on Monday, Nov. 3, at 8.15. Tkts. 2s. & 1s., available from London Liberal Party, 34, Victoria St., S.W.1. ABB. 6909.

AT Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Thurs., Oct. 30, 7.30 p.m. S. M. Tufail, M.A., Assistant Imam, Woking Mosque, on "World Co-operation; Islam's Contribution Today." Under auspices of World Congress of Faiths.

ZIONIST Socialist Youth (Young Poale Zion). Wed., Oct. 29: "Geopolitics of Israel." Speaker: Yona Yagol (leading Israeli journalist), at 57 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Thurs., Oct. 30: "Tito and Yugoslavia." Speaker: Konni Zilliacus. At 783 Finchley Road, N.W.11.

L. BAUTESTA will speak on "The Culture of the Philippines." Oct. 31, 8.30 p.m. All welc. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

SOC. Zionist Party (Mapam), 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Evening of International Folk Music, presented by S. Gordon, 8 p.m., Sat., 25. "World Jewish Congress: Functional Organisation or International Agency for World Jewry?"—I. Nathani, Wed., Oct. 29.

"THE Van Megeren Case", Lecture by H. Ruheman. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. 8 p.m., Tues., Oct. 28. Members 2s., guests 3s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 26: Dr. D. Stark Murray, "The Cost of Health." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

WHY be a Buddhist? A Series of Addresses given by Priests of the Western Buddhist Order will begin on Friday, October 24, at Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1, at 7 p.m. Further Addresses will be given on following Fridays.

"NATURE Cure—a Way of Life." Talk by James C. Thomson, of the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, at Caxton Hall, S.W.1, on Fri., Oct. 24, 7.30 p.m. 2s. 6d. at door.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "Post-Feminism." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, Oct. 26, at 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Law and Social Change in the U.S.S.R." will be given by Professor J. N. Hazard (Columbia) at 5 p.m. on November 4 at the London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free without tckt.

"RELIGION in Politics." Wed., Oct. 29, 7.30. Small Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Public mtg. org. by National Secular Soc. Chair: P. Victor Morris. Spkrs.: F. A. Ridley, L. Ebury, E. W. Shaw, J. W. Burker.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Lectures on English Domestic Architecture—Great Houses near London, Thursdays, 7 p.m., October 30, November 6, Nov. 13, Nov. 20. By Miss Helen Lowenthal, B.A.

HAROLD Wilson on "Britain and the World Economy," 1st Fabian Autumn Lecture, Tues., Oct. 28, 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tickets 2s. 6d. and 4s., series 11s. 6d & 17s. 6d., at the door.

MRS. Hewlett Johnson speaks on her recent visit to China. Questions invited. Maida Vale High School, Elgin Ave., W.9, Thursday, Oct. 30, 8 p.m.

CELEBRATE the 35th Soviet Anniversary. Empress Hall, Earls Court. 6.30, Sat., Nov. 8. Dean of Canterbury, D. N. Pritt, Q.C., Harry Pollitt, Monica Felton, John Platts-Mills, Pat Sloan, Soviet guests. Tkts. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (CLE. 4161).

UNIVERSALIST Service. 3 p.m., Sunday, October 26. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., near Victoria Station. Rev. R. Mercer Wilson: "The Unity of Life." P.P.U. Pacifist Religious Fellowship.

BUDDHIST Society: Wed., Oct. 29, 6.30 p.m. Public lecture, "Is the Buddhist Approach to Life Negative?" Mr. Christmas Humphreys, at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. Dr. Eustace Chesser on "Education and Psychology." Wed., Oct. 29, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures. Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welc. Oct. 26: The Powers of the Soul.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 5.30 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Oct. 30, 7.30 p.m. "World Religions—Wherein Do They Differ?"

CZECHOSLOVAK Nationalisation Day. Meeting at 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Tues., Oct. 28, 7.45 p.m. Speaker: Mr. Les Cannon on "7 Years of Nationalisation in Czechoslovakia." Chair: Mr. Jeff Mildwater. All welc.

"THE Face of Warsaw To-day," G. Shankland, architect, gives an illustrated talk on recent visit to Warsaw. Chair: Mrs. D. N. Pritt. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Fri., Oct. 31, 7.45. All welcome.

"BASQUE Folk Music, Dance and Drama." Third Rodney Gallop Memorial Lecture by Miss Violet Alford, with illustrations, on Friday, October 31, 1952, at 7 p.m., at the English Folk Dance & Song Society, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. GUL. 2206. Adm. free. Details of other lectures, concerts & dances available on request.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, E.C.2. Four Lectures on "Chaucer's Legend of Good Women" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., on Monday to Thursday, Oct. 27 to 30. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30.

"VIEWS on Jewish Topics"—Lecture Course arranged by Zionist Federation, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Mondays, 8 p.m. Oct. 27, "From Basle to Jerusalem—Crisis of Implementation": Prof. S. Brodetsky and Dr. S. Levenberg. Nov. 24, "Judaism in the Modern World": Rabbi Dr. A. Altmann. Dec. 15, "Israel and the Arab States": Jon Kimche. Jan. 26, "The Place of Zionism in Jewish Education": Symposium with Miss B. J. Barwell, L. Gertner, and Rev. I. Levy. Feb. 23, "The Jewish Problem." The Communist View by Prof. Hyman Levy; The Zionist View by Dr. Dov Biegun. Mar. 23, "Israel and British Commonwealth Strategy": R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.—Single Tickets: 2s. 6d. and 4s. Series Tickets: 12s. and 18s. Apply: 77 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 3815.

ST. ANNE'S House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Faith and Civilisation . . ." an enquiry into the influence of religion on European culture. Thursdays at 6.30, October 16 to December 11. "The Delinquent Fringe . . ." a discussion on the nation's responsibility towards young people, victims of its social conflicts. Mondays at 6.30, October 27 to December 1.

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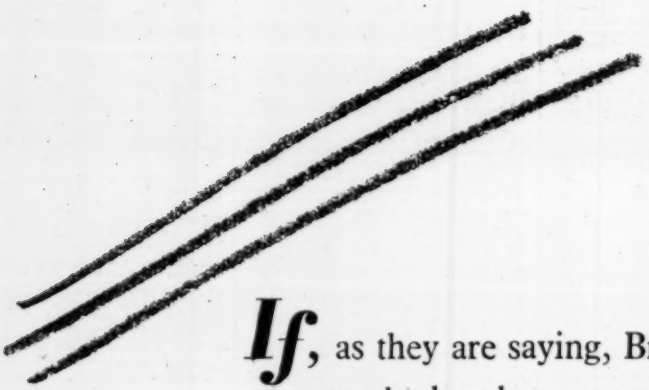

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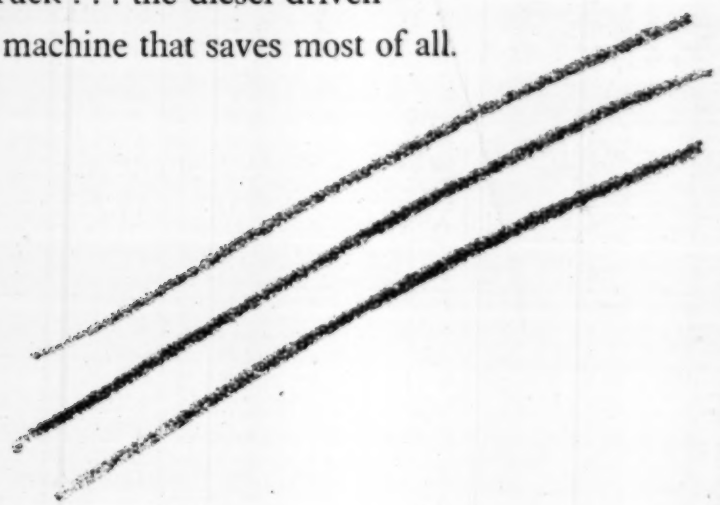

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